PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

MAY 19 1936

The New Statesman and Nation, May 9, 1936

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XI. No. 272 (New Series) **SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1936** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	689
"ABYSSINIA BELONGS TO ITALY"	692
PLANNING AND SOCIALISM. By G. D. H. Cole	693
A LONDON DIARY	695
THIS ENGLAND	696
THE "CHAIN GANG"	696
GLAMOUR OF CRIME. By Y. Y.	697
TOWARDS A RE-ORIENTATION; A Letter from H. N. B.	698
CORRESPONDENCE From Elizabeth Everard; Paul Winterton; Capt. G. F. Gracey; H. C.	699
A. E. HOUSMAN. By Percy Withers	700
THE ROYAL ACADEMY. By Elizabeth Bowen	702
FOUR SHOWS. By Clive Bell	703
PLAYS AND PICTURES	704
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	706
REVIEWS:	Page
The Life of an Indian Leader. By H. N. Brailsford	729
Great English Potboilers. By Raymond Mortimer	730
Harriette Wilson Again. By Peter Quennell	732
New Novels. By Cyril Connolly	732
Sexual Technique. By Harry Roberts	736
Something New in Periodicals. By G. W. Stonier	736
SHORTER NOTICES	738
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	738
CROSSWORD	742
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador	744
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT (*see Special Index*). Includes a story by V. S. Pritchett and Reviews by Barrington Gates, Aldous Huxley, Eileen Power, Edward Sackville West, Desmond Shawe-Taylor, Kenneth Bell, Paul Bloomfield, J. Vijaya-Tunga, K. John.	

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Abyssinian tragedy has moved swiftly to its close. With his armies hopelessly broken and dispersed, the Emperor has fled the country and is now on his way to Palestine in a British cruiser. (Some would like him brought to Geneva; but unless the League is going to take measures that will make amends for its past treatment of him, that would only be a cruel mockery.) Marshal Badoglio has occupied Addis Ababa—or what rioters and looters have left of the place. General Graziani is closing in from the South. And on Tuesday night Mussolini was able to announce to a frenzied Italy that the war was over—"won by the sword of Rome." He would have been nearer the truth if he had said "mustard gas" instead of "sword"; and he might also have acknowledged the help he got from the cowardice and treachery of the League Powers. But his rhetoric is of little consequence; our concern is with what he proposes to do with his conquest. "Abyssinia is Italian," he proclaims; but whether it is to be a mere colony or to have some special status (having regard to the French railway and other foreign interests) we do not yet know. He does say, however—and doubtless means it—that he will fight, if necessary, to keep what he has got. Are we going to put him to the test?

The League and the Duce

Next Tuesday the League Council, beaten and disgraced, meets to discuss what it shall do. There is a patent conflict of views as to the best course. Can the situation be retrieved by continuing sanctions against the now victorious aggressor, or even intensifying them by the imposition of the oil embargo that ought to have been put on four months ago? Should we go still further and do what ought to have been done seven months ago, by closing the Suez Canal? In that case we must face an almost certain war with Italy. Is there enough unity and enthusiasm among the League Powers (even with the change of Government in France) to undertake such an enterprise? We frankly do not believe there is, and sanctions scarcely seem to us worth while unless they are pushed to the point of dethroning Mussolini. The present economic sanctions can no longer help Abyssinia. Their only object now would be to embarrass Mussolini still further when he has to pay the bill for his adventure, and they might no doubt make him more tender to British and French interests. We may expect to find him angling for a foreign loan from this country. To such a proposal Britain must reply with a categorical refusal.

The Left Victory in France

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The victory of the Left in the French elections is even bigger than was

expected. With 380 seats the Left Parties will command a majority of 140—so that the new Chamber has all the makings of stable government. The verdict of the electorate is unmistakable. It is a condemnation of Fascism, of the parties that patronised or tolerated the Fascist Leagues, and of the "200 families" who have been doing their best to prevent the normal working of parliamentary government. It is also a condemnation of the sort of "National Government" that functioned under MM. Doumergue and Laval. The Radicals have lost one-third of their seats—a punishment for their "forced co-operation" with the Right and Centre, and a clear warning against a return to such "National Government." Other causes of the success of the Socialists and Communists were economic discontent, resentment of the Laval decree laws, and a desire for new men and new methods in the Government. The patriotic and democratic slogans of the Communists made a strong appeal to the voters.

Prospects of Stable Government

The Socialists, with 146 members, are now the largest party in the Chamber, and the minimum programme of the *Front Populaire* should be a basis on which the Radicals, Socialists and other Left Parties could govern effectively with the support of the 72 Communists. The co-operation will imply some give-and-take; but, while the Radicals will not be expected to agree to all the Socialist measures, both they and the Socialists can hardly fail to see that another break-up of the Left-wing majority will do irreparable damage to the democratic system. There may be some timid Right-wing Radicals, but the result of the second ballot shows that they are not numerous enough to wreck the *Front Populaire* majority by deserting it. For the financial panic which has been worked up the Left Parties cannot be held responsible. If they can start with a clean financial slate, it may in fact greatly facilitate their task. In foreign policy a great improvement may be expected. Colonel de la Rocque has been uttering Fascist threats, but he has had ample proof that the country is against him—in spite of Marshal Pétain's eve of the poll approval of the Croix de Feu "ideals."

The Franc and Gold

According to last month's figures the gold reserves of the Bank of France, despite a heavy exodus of gold during the past year, were still twice as large as the already swollen reserves which the Bank held in 1928, before the economic crisis began. The Bank then had in addition large holdings of devisen and ear-marked gold abroad, which have since been disposed of. But the gold reserve is ample enough, if that were all, to stand a considerable drain without enforcing internal deflation or a suspension of payments. It is, however, most unlikely, whatever M. Flandin and M. Regnier—twin pillars of orthodox finance—may say, that the gold of the Bank will be allowed to ebb away without measures being taken to stop it. If M. Regnier and the Bank can check the drain merely by raising the bank rate, well and good. If not, they will have either to resort to control of the exchange, or to devaluation, or to give place to others who are prepared for one or other of these steps. The more the Paris Bourse panics, the more likely devaluation becomes, though the *Front Populaire* has been very careful not to commit itself to devaluing the franc, and its leaders would doubtless be much better pleased if M. Sarraut would do the job for them, and confront them with an accomplished fact when they succeed to office.

Egyptian Affairs

The Wafd swept the board, as they were confident of doing, in the Egyptian general election last Sunday. They will have an overwhelming majority over all other parties in the new Chamber. The elections for the Senate have been advanced; so that both Houses will be complete this week, and the legal difficulty over the Regency will be solved by the new Parliament opening the sealed envelope that contains the names of King Fuad's choices. Meanwhile the negotiations for the Anglo-Egyptian treaty are proceeding. The discussions, it is said, are still amicable, but there is no evidence of any important progress. Of the outstanding questions which figured in the draft treaty of 1930, and which must figure in the new one, the most urgent is, of course, the military. The Egyptians want a bigger and better equipped army of their own, and they want the British troops removed from Cairo and Alexandria and Heliopolis. If we are not prepared to concede that—as repeated pledges and common sense alike require that we should—it is idle to hope for a treaty. There is no substance in the argument that the changed situation to-day makes it unsafe both for the British Empire and for Egypt to withdraw our troops from the capital cities. Given that British forces should for the present and for some time to come remain in Egypt (and the vast majority of Egyptians are agreed about that), there are other bases available from which they can effectively perform their defensive functions. If the British Government, instigated by die-hard Imperialists and dunderheaded soldiers, is going to make an enemy of Egypt instead of a friend and ally, "defence" will be an insoluble and a highly dangerous problem.

Dr. Schacht and the Nazis

Dr. Schacht is still in office, and General Göring is still entrusted with the difficult task of mediating between him and the Nazi leaders, such as Herr Darré, who continue to take seriously the economic heresies with the aid of which the Nazi party obtained its popular support and climbed to power. Dr. Schacht has secured the renewal of the impost on industry which is used for subsidising German exports and thus makes it possible to keep the Reichsmark nominally on gold. But Herr Darré has apparently been successful in resisting Dr. Schacht's demand that German agriculture, in view of the high protection which it enjoys, shall bear a part of this impost; and it seems clear that but for the support of General Blomberg and the army chiefs Dr. Schacht would have been overturned and the Nazi social extremists given their head. The struggle between the rival forces under the Hitler regime—army, big industrialists and aristocracy on the one side, Nazi mass adherents on the other—has been brought more into the open during the controversy over Dr. Schacht's economic policy than on any earlier occasion. This is chiefly because rearmament on the grand scale is imposing a heavier and heavier burden on the embarrassed German economy, and making it harder and harder for Dr. Schacht to carry on his policy of financial orthodoxy without an irreparable break with the Nazi chiefs of the

other leading economic departments. For the moment Dr. Schacht has got his way, albeit with diminished prestige; but the new compromise has by no means solved the problem, and it seems as if in the near future either Dr. Schacht will have to go, or Hitler will have decisively to take sides with the army and the capitalists against his party followers.

Argentine Meat

The agricultural interests are putting up an energetic demand for the revision of the British trade treaty with the Argentine. The home producers of live stock complain that, in comparison with wheat growers and sugar-beet producers, they have been neglected in order to protect the interests of British investors in the Argentine Republic. They would like to see far more drastic restrictions on the quantity of Argentine meat that is allowed to be brought into this country, in order to increase the prices and consumption of home-grown meat—for Australia is still a competitor with the Argentine in the chilled meat trade only on a small scale, and the exclusion of Argentine supplies would probably lead to a substantially increased consumption of British meat. Mr. Runciman, however, has to balance the interests of British live stock producers against those of both exporters of British produce and investors in Argentine industry and commerce; and he is probably disposed to hold that if the farmers are to be given further help they should be given it in ways less damaging to British trade and investments than would be involved in a further restriction of Argentine meat exports. Mr. Baldwin this week met the Conservative Agricultural Committee in order to discuss the problem; and it is reported that Mr. Elliot was kept waiting outside the room till the deputation had stated its case. Assuredly the problem is not easy. Argentine is part of the economic, but not of the political, British Empire. She cannot claim "Ottawa" preference; but neither can she be denied the substance of it without dangerous reaction on British exports, British income from foreign investments and, last but not least, the British consuming public.

The Gestapo

The trial of Hans Wesemann this week in Basle on the charge of kidnapping Dr. Jakob last March has provided a healthy exposure of the German system of espionage. Dr. Jakob is a German refugee who set up a news agency in Strasbourg with the purpose of disseminating information about Germany. Wesemann, acting as an agent of the Gestapo, enticed him to Basle and had him transported across the frontier into the hands of the German police. Following upon long negotiations between the Swiss and Nazi Governments, Dr. Jakob was released last September. Wesemann was soon captured and after some days' imprisonment made a full confession. He has done good for his Nazi masters by stealth, but at present shows no signs of blushing to find it fame. He boasts that he was successful in securing the return to Germany of a refugee in Copenhagen who, he had subsequently learnt, had been "relieved of all his troubles." His evidence implicated the German Embassy in London. He stated that Herr von Hoesch and Prince Bismarck and the Secretary of the Embassy all knew of his activities. He has been sentenced to three years imprisonment, but he will suffer no qualms of conscience; Hitler and Göring, he was told, had approved his plans for the capture of Dr. Jakob, whilst "anything that served the interests of Germany was justifiable." The activities of German police and diplomats in foreign countries might form a good subject for one of Mr. Eden's questions to Hitler.

Admirals Don't Care

During Monday's debate the Government's battleship programme was attacked from all sides of the House. Five weeks ago a Committee was set up to discover whether battleships could serve any purpose other than that of providing a convenient target for bombing aircraft. In spite of the fact that this inquiry has scarcely started its work, the House was forced to vote preliminary estimates for the two battleships to be laid down in 1937. As one member pointed out, this is a policy of "Decide first, inquire afterwards and commit the House meanwhile." Opinion among experts outside the Admiralty is seriously divided, and there can be no good grounds for embarking on the huge expenditure involved in the building of a modern battleship until the point at issue has been settled beyond dispute. Yet this jealous regard for the interests of the taxpayer is apparently not shared by the Government's experts. The Admiralty has all along been convinced of the necessity of building more battleships and the House had good reason to suspect that no inquiry was likely to affect its decisions. Nor does it seem likely in the process of general rearmament the Government will keep its promise to prevent profiteering. Mr. Lloyd George has added his authoritative testimony of the inefficiency and waste involved in private manufacture. But even if the Royal Commission accepted his evidence its report will be too late to have any effect.

The Budget Leakage

The Government have at last decided to probe the "Budget leakage" to the bottom. But are they really going to give us the whole truth and nothing but the truth? There is widespread suspicion of a desire to hush up the scandal, and the appointment of a judicial tribunal, consisting of a High Court Judge and two eminent barristers, instead of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, has by no means allayed that suspicion. The judicial tribunal may have some arguments in its favour. But why and how is it going to be—what Mr. Chamberlain made such a point of—so much "more impartial" than a Select Committee containing Members of all parties? Nor, so far as we can see, is there any question of expert legal knowledge involved; the business in hand is to elicit certain facts from those who know them. However, Mr. Chamberlain, Sir John Simon and the Attorney General have all given solemn assurances about the genuineness and thoroughness of the inquiry, and the country will expect the discovery, and the publication, of the truth. We must hope also, alike for his own sake and for the Government's, that the Cabinet Minister, whose name is on everybody's lips at Westminster and in the City, and has actually been printed in the public press, will leave the court without a stain upon his character.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.

"ABYSSINIA BELONGS TO ITALY"

THE Duce has had his way. What follows?

1. All the experts have been wrong. No one believed that Italy could conquer so difficult a country in so short a space of time. The resources of mechanical warfare are even more overwhelming than anyone imagined. Gas has proved the decisive weapon. Italian aeroplanes were free to sprinkle huge tracts of territory with liquid mustard gas. The effects of mustard gas on soldiers we have ourselves seen on the battle-fields of France. Some died in agony, others survived with permanently damaged lungs and eyes. The luckiest were terribly burnt even through their clothing. Danish and Swedish doctors have given full details of the effects on naked black men, women and children. Many of them appeared to have been almost literally flayed alive. So successful is this method of warfare when backed by full industrial organisation and competent staff work, that there is clearly nothing to stop any industrialised country from wiping off the map any peaceful agricultural nation which wishes to pursue its own way and not to devote its resources to means of destroying other nations. Germany could at the present moment, if Hitler felt safe from attack by other nations, destroy Denmark, Norway and Sweden, Switzerland or, indeed, any of its peaceful neighbours. Nor if we look a little ahead does there seem any reason why Mussolini should not extend the new Roman Empire in any direction he pleases. The first fact to face, therefore, is that in the absence of any system of collective security, a heavily armed industrialised state can, if it has the will, swiftly destroy the independence of any lightly armed state.

2. A serious blow has been struck at the British Empire. We do not imagine that maps now displayed in Italy, forecasting a return to the ancient Roman Empire, including Roman Britain, need be taken very seriously. But we have yet to meet anyone with knowledge of Italian propaganda in Egypt, the Sudan and the Near East who doubts that Mussolini intends to dominate the Mediterranean and North Africa and that, with hundreds of thousands of new black troops to train, he is in a position to challenge British interests and British possessions at every point. Modern Italy has learnt from Britain, as Britain learnt from ancient Rome. Just as Rome held her Empire by training savages, so Britain has held India by Indian troops and Mussolini has conquered Abyssinia with Askaris. British imperialists have tried to treat this affair as some remote League of Nations dodge to involve us in a war; you may hear them to-day in every club in London wondering whether British "prestige" can ever recover. When Japan invaded Manchuria they wished her luck and derided those who pointed out that the League of Nations was not an idealistic dream, but the only practical way of saving British interests, as well as of keeping the peace. They have discovered too late that Britain no longer counts for much in the Far East. One lesson was not enough. They were as willing to pass over the control of North Africa and the route to India to Mussolini as they were to pass over China to Japan. If they had been pacifists and Little Englanders their policy would have been appropriate. Their notion now is that we should arm as much as possible and fight single-handed for interests which could have been guarded without war if the League Powers had cared to abide by their obligations under the Covenant.

3. Collective security is now only a phrase. Every small country sees that the Great Powers of the League have failed to take united action in the most flagrant case of unprovoked aggression that is ever likely to occur. Abyssinia, brought into the League at the urgent desire of Italy and France against the wishes of Great Britain, has put her trust wholly in the League. Instead of attempting to develop modern armaments, the Emperor had begun the difficult task of internal reform against the opposition of many of his chiefs and relied for defence on the aid of the League Powers. The lesson can hardly be wasted on other weak States, which will tend increasingly to look for protection to one or other of the great military Powers. Only English people dare to argue that the British Government has fulfilled its word under the Covenant. In this country we contrive happily to forget that the gas which has choked the life from Abyssinians has been taken there through the Suez Canal under the guns of British battleships, and that the Italian aeroplanes that have spread it have been flying, at least in part, on petrol which has swollen the dividends of English investors. What is the use of our pretending that we have carried out the obligations of Article 16 not to trade with the aggressor, let alone not to supply him with munitions of war? M. Laval's Government must, of course, share the blame. But no one who has read the uncontradicted facts given from official sources in the pamphlet on *Abyssinia* which we published last year will feel anything but sick with the hypocrisy which argues that England has had no responsibility for this war.

Let us at least now be honest with ourselves. We have failed because our Government was never more than half-hearted in opposing Mussolini, not because England was not strong enough or because of the reluctance of the French. If part of the British Empire had been attacked, we should have heard nothing of the weakness of the British fleet or of a shortage of aeroplanes. We have not overthrown Mussolini because we did not want to. We only wanted to bring enough pressure to induce him to take part rather than the whole of Abyssinia. Sir Norman Angell has aptly reminded us that when the Russians brought some British engineers to trial in Moscow, sanctions were imposed by Britain in seven hours. In that case the British Government wished to act. In this, it only half wished to act. If one is half-hearted one can always find excuses in other people's hesitations and in technical difficulties or in fears of further repercussions. If we had been single-minded and had been willing to upset a Fascist dictator, none of these difficulties would have even been mentioned. For a moment after Sir Samuel Hoare's speech at Geneva, it seemed as if we meant business. The League Powers rallied to us; French opposition abated and M. Laval promised naval co-operation. The very strength of the League forces frightened the Government and the Laval-Hoare proposals, killed as they were by a burst of public indignation, successfully damped the rising hopes of Geneva. If we are ever to have a League that will work, it will have to be more tightly bound than the Wilsonian League of

1919. Just as the federated Sovereign States of America were forced by the threat to their existence to become the United States of America, so some day, sooner or later, probably not until their economic basis is changed, the sovereign States of Europe, if they are not to go down together in universal ruin, will have to become the United States of Europe.

Next week the League Powers will have to decide whether to increase or end sanctions against Italy. The decision will be the prelude to a fundamental decision, affecting not only Italy but the whole of Europe. The League, as a system of collective security which will act against any aggressor, is to-day hopelessly discredited. Some would revise it so that it becomes the Stresa front, with Italy, carrying the spoils of Abyssinia in her hands, as part of the front. She will certainly ask for a loan to restore her empty exchequer and help her over the embarrassing task of demobilisation in Italy and consolidation in Abyssinia. We hope that that at least can be scotched. This policy is usually coupled with a proposal for removing Article 16 from the Covenant, inviting Germany into an Unholy Alliance of aggressors and their condoners with the object of keeping peace in Western Europe and giving Eastern Europe over to Hitler.

In opposition to this policy are nearly all those who know that Hitler is the real menace and who hope to maintain the semblance of " collective security " by an alliance of Britain, France, Russia, and the Little Entente, Poland and such other League Powers as will join it. This policy would be welcomed by every small Power in Europe. Whether such an alliance " within the framework of the League " is still possible depends on the British Government's capacity for a quick decision. Otherwise the potential alliance will disintegrate.

As we survey the story of British foreign policy since 1931, one thing seems certain. The British Government is unlikely to make any clear decision. Its word cannot be relied on for anything, not because it is composed of dishonest men, but because it is incurably divided in council and swayed by short-sighted capitalist interests which hide their fear of upsetting a dictator and releasing Socialist forces under a shallow pretext of pseudo-pacifism. We have had nothing but muddle from such a government. We shall get nothing but muddle in the future. The Opposition must expose this muddle. But it must also clear up its own confusions if it is ever to convince the country that it has a better policy. It must recognise that the League it has championed no longer exists, and if it hopes to rebuild the League explain what kind of League it now visualises. It can draw encouragement at this critical moment from the victory of the *Front Populaire* in France and the prospects of a new orientation of French policy. M. Blum has already declared that he and his friends, who will be dominant in the next French Government, stand for a restoration of collective security, for another and a genuine effort at disarmament. Public opinion in this country is not so much " disappointed," to use Mr. Eden's word, at the breakdown of the League; it is angry and alarmed. It does not (save for a small minority) believe in isolationism or in the efficiency of big armaments for our national or imperial defence. But the Opposition must not be content merely to make capital out of this anger and alarm and to repeat phrases about collective security and the League. It must face squarely the argument advanced in our columns this week by Mr. Brailsford. If it holds that Mr. Brailsford's policy is too despairing, it must state an alternative which takes account of the new realities in Europe. It has to-day a new opportunity—to lead a Popular Front in this country in close harmony, with the Popular Front in France.

PLANNING AND SOCIALISM

SINCE the Belgian Labour Party, under the influence of M. Henri de Man, launched its *Plan du Travail*, the notion of planning for a gradual transition to Socialism has made rapid headway among the surviving Social Democratic Parties of Continental Europe. In France it has been taken up actively by the Confédération Générale du Travail, as well as by the Socialists. In Switzerland it has taken the place of the " Crisis Initiative " which the Swiss Socialists made the basis of their propaganda two years ago. In Holland, again, it seems to be becoming the rallying point for the Labour and Socialist forces; and even in Great Britain there have been echoes of M. de Man's *planisme*, though here the tendency has been to say that we can work these matters out for ourselves, without submitting our methods of framing policy to Continental influences. The Labour Party has been disposed to argue that it was doing everything M. de Man proposes long before he put forward his *Plan*; and the progressive " planners " of the " Next Five Years " group are rather the successors of the Liberal planners of the years before 1929 than followers of any Continental influence.

This difference is natural enough. On the Continent, *planisme* has made its appearance chiefly as a response to a situation which does not exist in anything like the same form in Great Britain. In the first place, *planisme* has developed above all in the countries which are, or were until quite lately, adherents of the gold bloc, and therefore continued to feel the full effects of the world crisis when other countries, having devaluated their currencies, or allowed them to depreciate, were already beginning to recover. The economic disorder of these countries, as well as their greater openness to German influence, led to a menacing growth of Fascism, which threatened not merely to isolate the Socialist opposition by alienating from it the large middle groups in society, including the peasants, but also to overturn the parliamentary system and replace it by some sort of Fascist dictatorship, open or veiled. It therefore became essential for the Socialist Parties to fight the crisis, and in their struggle against it to find allies among the peasants and the middle classes. M. de Man has often called the policy of the *Plan du Travail* by the illuminating name of *le socialisme anti-crise*. It is above all else to find an immediate programme for expanding incomes and employment, and to rally behind this programme not only the Socialists and the Trade Unions, but also sufficient bourgeois support to ensure an electoral majority and to avert the Fascist danger.

The success of this policy in Belgium will be tested at the elections which will take place during the next few weeks. For the past year Belgium has been governed by a coalition ministry of Socialists, Catholics and Liberals, under a non-party Prime Minister who is in fact a Catholic. The chief accomplishments of M. Van Zeeland's Government have been, first, the very successful controlled devaluation of the Belgian currency, which has been achieved without a corresponding rise in internal prices and to the accompaniment of a considerable rise in internal economic activity, and, secondly, the development of *travaux publics* designed both to relieve unemployment directly and to further the general process of economic expansion. These measures, of which the substantial success is undoubted, both in improving economic conditions and in destroying the appeal of Belgian Fascism, fall, of course, very far short of the programme of " structural reformation " proclaimed in the *Plan du Travail*. The banks have been in

some degree controlled, but not nationalised; and little has yet been done either to reform the political system or to introduce the public control or ownership of large-scale "monopolist" industries in accordance with the *Plan*.

Such measures, indeed, cannot be carried through by an all-embracing coalition such as now exists in Belgium. They could be attempted only by a Ministry of the Left; and under Belgian political conditions and the Belgian electoral system such a Ministry would have to rest on an alliance between the Labour Party and the left wing of the Catholics, with perhaps some support from certain of the smaller parties. The forthcoming elections will show whether a majority can be secured for such a policy. There are prospects of it; for the Catholics, who form rather a loose alliance of a number of groups of widely varying social tendencies than an integrated party, include a large element that is prepared to co-operate with the Socialists in giving effect to the greater part of the *Plan*.

In France the situation has been somewhat different; for there, despite the severity of the depression, the contest has remained even more political than economic. The *affaire Stavisky*, the Paris troubles of last year, and the existence in Parliament of a nominal Left majority that showed no sign of ability to work together, handed the initiative over for the time being to the forces of the Right, which was able to represent the political Left as the responsible blunderer. But the Laval Government by its mistakes and transparent manoeuvres handed back the initiative to its opponents; and the creation of the *Front Populaire* on the basis of an agreed programme offered an improved prospect of positive co-operation among the Left parties. The Franco-Soviet Pact converted the Communists into allies of the Socialists and Radicals, and even into upholders of the cause of *la patrie*. Still, the struggle remained political rather than economic, as it became in Belgium; and it was kept political because no party was willing to risk the enmity of the small rentiers and the bankers by declaring unequivocally in favour of devaluing the franc.

Still, the *Front Populaire* does involve adhesion to something like a minimum economic plan by the parties of the Left, as does the pact which has brought Señor Azaña and his Republicans back to power in Spain. In France, as in Belgium, it has been necessary, in order to secure a united front against Fascism and against the crisis, to draw up or implicitly to approve a programme capable of uniting the parties which stand at present for the maintenance of democratic parliamentary institutions, and against Fascism and aggressive nationalism in all its forms. The creation of such a programme has been, in these countries, a necessary act of self-preservation for the democratic parties; and they have been compelled to include in it measures of economic restoration, because they have recognised that the intensity of the depression was the main source of Fascist strength.

In Great Britain, however, there has been no comparable pressure upon the democratic forces to join hands. Thanks largely to early devaluation, the economic crisis has been far less severe, except in a limited number of depressed areas whose plight, bad as it is, has not determined the political attitude of the country as a whole. Consequently, old party allegiances have been much less disturbed, and Fascism has been quite unable to gain converts on a large enough scale to make it an immediate danger.

In these circumstances "planning" in Great Britain has become, not as on the Continent a cry of the Left, but rather an attitude diffused among individual members of all parties and of none. It is indeed, almost *ex hypothesi*, the professed creed of the Labour Party, which has long been working out its programme for a gradual transformation of society from planless capitalism to a planned Socialist system. But "planners" have appeared in large numbers in the Conservative ranks, especially since the abandonment of Free Trade forced upon the politicians some sort of attempt to plan the relative growth of industries and to enforce efficiency as the *quid pro quo* for tariff protection. There are, in fact, in these days more planners among the Conservatives than among the prominent Liberals, or at any rate more outspoken opponents of planning among Liberals than among Conservatives. The traditional devotion of Liberalism to *laisser faire* stands powerfully in the way of any Liberal-Labour alliance based upon a common plan; and there is not enough obvious urgency to defend the country against Fascism to force Liberals and Socialists into the endorsement of a common programme of left-wing unity. There is no *Front Populaire* in Great Britain, and no authoritative transitional *Plan* designed to rally all the left-wing forces.

There is, of course, the attempt of the "Next Five Years" group to formulate such a programme. But, although the programme formulated in this quarter may be very much what any common Left programme would inevitably be, it has in fact largely fallen flat because there has been no sufficient political or economic urgency behind it. Neither the French nor the Belgian nor the Swiss nor the Dutch Socialists have any real hope of securing in the near future an independent parliamentary majority of their own. If they are to rule they must find allies; and not to rule means for them the menacing presence of counter-democratic revolution. In Great Britain, on the other hand, the Labour Party does hope for, even if it cannot confidently expect, a majority; and it does feel that it can afford to wait for a time without grave risk of being swept away by a Fascist revolution before it is ready to assume power. This combines with its legitimate distrust of parliamentary Liberalism, based on experience in 1924 and from 1929 to 1931, to make its leaders for the most part prefer to carry on with their own propaganda, without seeking allies outside the party fold.

Accordingly the policy which embodies itself in Belgium in the *Plan du Travail* and in France, much less clearly, in the *Front Populaire* finds expression in Great Britain in the Labour Party acting alone, or reinforced only by unofficial inter-party ventures such as that of the "Next Five Years" group. The Labour Party is content to do its own planning, and to try to win the country over to its own brand of evolutionary Socialism, or Socialisticism, without inviting or accepting allies.

This policy has both advantages and dangers. If it succeeds in bringing to power a Labour Government with strength and initiative enough to carry through the party policy, that will be far better than to achieve office on the basis of a programme which is bound to involve compromise. But the Labour Party cannot afford to win electoral success only to follow it up with governmental failure. It cannot afford to win votes, and then play its voters false through personal defects of leadership. The problem before it is one of personalities as well as of programme—of finding the right men to do the jobs which its programme requires as well as of formulating the right programme. If this can be done within the party, and the requisite electoral support secured for the party, well and good. But are those who are responsible for formulating Labour policy altogether confident that it can, at any rate along the lines which the party is following at present?

I am by no means suggesting the expediency of a Liberal-Labour alliance. Far from it; parliamentary Liberalism is highly unpromising material for any *Front Populaire* designed to further a constructive policy. I have in mind rather a more openly friendly and collaborative attitude towards individuals at present outside the Labour ranks, but largely at one with the immediate objectives of Labour policy. For what the Labour cause needs most of all to-day is a strengthening of personnel; and for the present this can best be sought, not in electoral alliances, but in an endeavour to attract into collaboration as many as possible of those who realise that the existing tranquillity of British conditions is precarious, and that, whether we are to reconstruct capitalism or to supersede it, there is need for comprehensive social planning in the interests of enlarged domestic consumption and the more adequate use of our national man-power and other resources of production in promoting public welfare under a democratic political system.

G. D. H. COLE

A LONDON DIARY

I AM surprised that the daily papers have not had more to say about the libel action in which Lord Kilmaine was awarded £2,000 against the *Morning Post*. In a speech in the House of Lords, Lord Kilmaine urged that the *Morning Post* had abused the freedom of the press in a headline "Italy Climbs Down," and suggested a form of censorship. The *Morning Post* retorted with some characteristic sarcasm. The only adequate comment that we have seen on this case appeared in last week's *Economist*, which discussed the "fantastic attitude to libel" that is growing up in our courts. It concluded after mentioning a number of recent cases that the law of libel is being developed into a new censorship which "will kill that freedom of discussion which is vital to democracy. The law is intended to protect men from genuine defamation of character. It is being used to shelter them from criticism." It is time for the whole press to get together on this subject.

* * *

A. E. Housman was one of the most famous and least-known of Cambridge dons. Some day, perhaps, we shall be told the origin of his remarkable reserve and discover why his poetry was haunted by the story of a boy who was hanged. He gave an impression of extraordinary primness. I remember a dinner at which he was present with A. C. Benson. When he left Benson, whose conversation was as caustic as his books were sugary, remarked: "It is impossible to believe that that man is not the descendant of a long line of maiden aunts." His extreme propriety added to the joke when, by a printers' error, he was billed to speak in Cambridge on "Sexual Criticism." Terrific forces were bottled up inside him. When he sat down to the analysis of a classical text, he took the cork out of the bottle and it was vitriol that poured out. Never was scholarly controversy so brilliant, so unanswerable and so envenomed. He could let himself go against sloppy scholarship; it stood for him, I think, as the symbol of all that was sloppy in the thinking and taste of our age. He set an example of austerity in his own verse, and part of his fame sprang from the surprise at the self-denial of a poet of genius who, while still at the height of his powers, published a slim book of verse, called it *Last Poems* and announced that he would never publish another.

* * *

You can learn a lot about the ingenuity of "private enterprise" from a morning at a Police Court. Here is an example of which the full details appeared in a local paper. You can find plenty more like it and the method is applied to the sale of many types of commodities from toothpastes to silk stockings. Every case that comes into Court represents many that escape the law. In this case the traveller was employed by a tea merchant. He went to a large number of addresses and persuaded housewives to buy tea at 1*s*. 6*d*. a lb. (They said the tea was not worth 1*s*. 6*d*. and the traveller himself said in Court that he had to put a "lot of pep" into his sales talk, because the tea was "not much good.") He told each housewife that she was one of the fortunate few who had been selected by his firm to receive a money prize or free gift to be paid to her when she had bought a certain amount of tea. The traveller was fined £2 for obtaining money on false pretences; the employer, as the result of a suggestion from the Clerk of the Court, paid half. The Magistrate remarked that the conditions under which the traveller was employed left a good deal to be desired and, indeed, it is clear that they are the crux of the matter. According to the tea merchant's own evidence, his travellers worked on commission without salary. They were paid 1*s*. 8*d*. only on first orders, so that if the housewife paid the traveller for 1 lb. of tea and gave him an order for 1 lb. each week in order to qualify for the bonus of £1 5*s*. at the end of sixteen weeks, he would only receive 1*s*. 8*d*., no matter how many times he called. You will see that such a system is not encouraging to honesty. For the traveller can only make a living if he concentrates on getting new orders; to follow up each order, as he was apparently expected to do for nothing, would mean that he spent his time on sales for which he was paid no commission at all. The traveller has, therefore, every inducement to call only a few times with the result that the purchaser, who has begun buying this brand of tea in the hope of a gift in the future, has no chance whatever of qualifying for the bonus money. This, whatever the orders given to the traveller, exactly suits the employer who sells an inferior article by a promise which he never has to fulfil. The worst part of the business is that there are thousands of unemployed men who reply to advertisements asking for commission agents and the like, and who find it almost impossible to make any living out of these jobs except by dishonesty.

* * *

Harold Cox was a perfect specimen of the English lone wolf. He had a keen mind, real ability, a charming manner, a beautiful voice, an admirable gift of phrase, and no notion whatever of adjusting his views to suit a new epoch. In his old age the least bending of Cobdenites, it was odd to think of him as having been in the 1880's a member of the group which included Sydney Olivier (who married one of his sisters), Graham Wallas and Sidney Webb, with whom he once collaborated in a book on Socialism; odder still to remember that, as a disciple of Edward Carpenter, he joined a little land community and even wore sandals. I once heard a lot about this communal experiment from Lowes Dickinson who was also a voluntary labourer. I wish I had been there to see; the picture of Harold Cox and Lowes Dickinson starting off to milk the cows at five a.m., discussing the relation of the State and the individual, must have been a sight for the gods. But I only knew him in his intransigeant old age when he was bravely upholding a variety of causes—most of them lost—in the *Sunday Times* and the *Edinburgh Review*. A Liberal of 1870, he was put in charge of the Whig quarterly, living on the traditions of England between Waterloo and Balaklava. No wonder it died on his hands at a time when other quarterlies, like the *Round Table* and the *Hibbert Journal*, were able to hold their own. The *Political Quarterly*, representing exactly the opposite philosophy, was founded in the year the *Edinburgh* ceased publication.

* * *

A large number of personal letters have reached this office approving the "Open Letter to Mr. Garvin" that appeared in this journal a fortnight ago. One especially demands publicity. The letter comes from an English resident in the Riviera. It reads:

> Just before the Italian aggression in Abyssinia—September, I think—on buying the Sunday *Stampa*, I found paragraphs quoted and annotated from the *Observer* article due to appear that day in London. (This was stated in the leader). They had the article in time to be translated, annotated and embodied in the leader, and appear simultaneously with the London issue. I was so amazed at the evident collusion, that I wrote in protest and received a printed acknowledgment of my letter but no explanation. Though the *Observer* article is always given great prominence in the Italian press, I have not seen it quoted again on the day of issue, but I do not always get the paper. There was a marked stiffening in the Italian attitude that week-end and I am convinced that the article in question was to some extent responsible, as the Italians count on the influence "l'austero Garvin" and his articles have on the British public.

* * *

Under the name of Ludwig Renn, a German officer belonging to an old military family became famous as the author of *War*; later he wrote a second book called *Post-War*. He was arrested on February 28th, 1933, as a dangerous pacifist and Communist and given a two-and-a-half-years' sentence. Renn's courage and conviction have never been shaken. On one occasion when foreign journalists under the most careful police supervision were brought face to face with Ossietzky, Torgler and Renn, it was Renn who braved the consequences and told the journalists the names of other victims whose position they might attempt to improve by publicity. In August, 1935, when his release fell due, the authorities were apparently willing to be rid of Renn. They asked him to

sign a statement saying that he had not been maltreated, and it was even hinted that his officer's pension might be renewed. Renn had not been tortured himself, but he had seen too much of Nazi methods in prison and he refused to sign. If he tried to get a passport, they told him, he would immediately find himself in a concentration camp. He became a tramp and, penniless and passportless, set off to walk through Germany. After about six months he chose a lucky moment and slipped across the frontier into Switzerland, where he lives to-day. On his way through Germany Renn talked with S.S. and S.A. men, with priests and pastors, with intellectuals, workmen and peasants. Old friends sometimes put him up and talked openly to him. Often others were not afraid to speak before a man whom they took for an ordinary tramp. He collected material about the real life and thoughts of Germans, and is now thinking of writing a third book, to be called *Vorkrieg*—"Before the Next War" I suppose we shall call it in England. I hope it will appear soon—soon enough to remind this England of what is going on in the Germany to which she is so eager to be fair. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. C. G. Roberts.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. Denman (Leeds, Central, Nat. Lab.) said he wished to make a strong protest against spending £3,500,000 on an object which he put extremely low in the scale of national expenditure. There might be those who did not know the pleasure of walking about in the night and finding their way in the dark. Those who remembered what London was like in the air raids would know that one could then at least see the shape of buildings against the sky and once more realise that the God who made day and night knew what He was doing. What was the ground for strewing the country with light where it was not wanted?—*Times* Parliamentary Report.

The Chairman said they were deeply indebted to Mrs. Wimbush for taking over the Mastership. "The fact that a woman," he said, "who had never ridden herself was willing to take on the staghounds for the sake of preserving the deer and seeing them killed in a humane manner was of immense value to the sport."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette.*

"We can't build warships and things like that unless you people pay up more cheerfully," said Alderman Barber in dealing with fifty-six income-tax defaulters at Wood Green Court to-day.—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

Neither the French nor the Egyptian elections are particularly creditable to democracy. In both countries the results were arranged beforehand by the party bosses.—*Daily Telegraph.*

An attempt to prohibit the use of Italian pictures during scripture lessons in West Riding Schools was made at the meeting of the West Riding Education Committee. "These Italian pictures should not be used in our schools," declared Alderman Foulstone. "I have no sympathy with anything that comes from Italy."—*Huddersfield Examiner.*

As I notice that pacifism has been put forward in some quarters as if it were a religious duty, I feel I ought to give some advice on the matter. . . . It seems to me as blasphemous as is Christian Science which prays for bodily health without having recourse to the means God has given us for the cure of the body.—Bishop of Gloucester reported in *Daily Express.*

THE "CHAIN GANG"

MANY people who are not journalists, and most journalists who are newspaper men, will doubtless agree that the primary function of a newspaper is to furnish accurate and reliable news. They will agree, too, that the news columns of a newspaper ought not to be devoted to the advertising of so-called "competitions" that contain little in the way of ingenuity, but very much that resembles the practice of the gentleman at Newmarket who invites one to guess under which one of five thimble-shaped cups a pellet may be found.

Nevertheless, leaving on one side all such "national" weekly newspaper contests, wherein the mathematical odds are 1 to 39,366 against the £2,000 "which must be won" (and wherein, as a recent case shows, the definite article "the" could be described by an ingenious and erudite compiler as a "demonstrative pronoun"), I should like to draw the reader's attention to a typical "literary newspaper competition" baited with some hundreds of pounds and a motor-car.

With about thirty more unemployed newspaper men, I was recently invited to act as a temporary adjudicator in such a "literary competition." The remuneration was one guinea a day of eight hours, with 2*s.* 6*d.* an hour overtime, and engagement on the transatlantic basis of "firing at fifteen minutes' notice at the end of any day." The stake of the competitor was the usual minimum sixpence—or more, if desired—and the only thing the business and circulation organisers of the newspaper seemed to have overlooked was the offer of a nice new light sporting airplane to the successful competitor. No doubt in the interests of culture, enlightenment, communal welfare and the paramount need of increasing the millionaire's newspaper circulation in astronomic figures, the business organisers will remedy that omission later.

Picture a low room, deep down in the well of an old building, where some dozens of dirty wooden planks are laid on equally dirty trestles, to act as tables for the "judges." In the corner a water-tank, with an active ball-cock, plays a symphonic accompaniment to the restricted "movements" of the "well-educated men" (using the words of the advertisement), who are assembled for a work of doubtless highest national "weekly" importance. Rats' droppings strew the floor and the trestle-tables, and dust is over all.

A large black notice warns you that any man found smoking will be at once dismissed. No account is taken of the vitiated air of the room, of the vile smells occasionally arising from a laboratory in the basement, or the need for some palliative for the deadly monotony of the eternal industrial "repetition" work of checking and re-checking thousands of "literary competitors'" coupons.

The "judges" are, in the main, victims of newspaper mergings and staff reorganisations, of the process of weeding out men too old at forty or worn down by prolonged periods of inactivity and economic hopelessness. Some of them have been "two years out of work," and as the business manager of the newspaper said to one man: "Glad to take anything, I suppose?"

Each man is handed a cyclostyled sheet containing examples of the "originality, wit, satire, literary skill, homeliness, etc," which are desired in the competitors' "efforts." Stress is laid on the fact that no lines referring to brands of beer, tobacco, medicines, foods, sweetmeats and the like are to be passed. Each man is next given a bundle of about 2,000 rubber-clipped coupons from which he is to select the examples of "wit, humour, satire and literary skill." These he is to mark with a cross in blue or red pencil, and "explanations will be given if necessary," cryptically add the cyclostyled directions.

The chain-gang labours begin and continue for days. The judge, until he presently becomes an automaton, ponders the social immorality of inducing thousands of poor women in country cottages, charwomen, even worse off, in towns, unemployed men in distressed areas, people of both sexes and all ages on the dole, men retired without pensions or with pensions of about ten shillings a week, and other unfortunates, to send the sixpences and shillings they can ill spare, and for which someone must surely "go short" in necessaries. It is obvious that these unfortunates have not the ghost of a chance in this "literary competition."

"A shame to take their money," mutters one man. "It's they who are paying our day's wages."

His reflections are interrupted by the authoritative voice of a middle-aged clerk who has been promoted to act as a sub-

manager of the competition department of this " great national newspaper."

" We're not paying men a guinea a day to read newspapers . . . I've told you about it before. Give them some more bundles to re-check."

" He's a clerk, and they oughtn't to let him speak to us in that way," says another—an elderly newspaper journalist who happens to be a member of a well-known press club.

" *They* pay us a guinea a day ! " indignantly retorts another of the chain gang, who simply cannot speak lower than a stage whisper.

" Why, it's these poor mugs who have no chance, and are hard-up themselves, who are paying our wages ! "

He nods disgustedly towards the bundle of rejected efforts by his side.

" I'd like to know what *they* are making out of this competition business," hazards another judge.

" Say nothing of the boost to the circulation ; why, on the basis of the thousands of coupons we've handled this week, I reckon these newspaper organisers must be hundreds of pounds in pocket. They can afford to pay us more than a guinea a day for this, and give every winner a cheap motor car into the bargain."

" In four and a half hours they won't even let us send out for a cup of tea."

The elderly man in charge of the room comes up and complains. " This talking," says he, warningly, " interrupts others in their work of concentration."

There now enters the room another organiser of most emphatic manner and even more authoritative voice.

" He ? " whispers a chain-ganger.

" I am told he is the competition editor," remarks another.

The emphatic gentleman brings cyclostyled lists of winners in that week's contest. The examples of " irony, wit, humour, originality, literary skill and the like " are headed by a line referring to a plumber who brought his tools to a job, and a traveller who bought a pencil. There are about thirty similar lines, adjudged worthy of many pounds by one or two gentlemen—who appear to have graduated as doctors of literature or philosophy in a university for office boys and doped flappers.

But, one by one, these efforts are jettisoned ; for, among the hundreds of thousands of rejected and again rejected lines, members of the chain gang have discovered lines containing one word identical with a word in the chosen line. One sees that there must be no chance for any competitor to claim that his or her example of robust wit or coruscating humour is matched even by one word in the line of the winner.

Suddenly, a number of men sitting at tables near to the door, halt and look up. The elderly man in charge in the room, under the clerical sub-manager for whom he " devils," is holding a typewritten list in his hand. He requests that all gentlemen pay attention.

" Mr. B., Mr. C., Mr. D. "—and about ten others—" will at once attend on Mr. X. in his room "—Mr. X. being the dignitary with the authoritative voice and strong opinions about the importance of earning guineas.

The faces of the men summoned blanch a little ; some wore a look of relief.

" Thank God my name is not on it," says a man not called.

In Mr. X.'s room, the men are handed their guineas by this clerk-sub-manager, whose face wears an air of decision and irrevocability that one has never seen matched by that of an admiral on his own quarter-deck, or a distinguished brigadier-general at G.H.Q. in war-time.

" If we want you again we shall send for you," says the clerk-sub-manager, moving not a muscle of his frozen features.

" They won't send for us again," says one of the educated men, as he goes out through the door.

Another judge stops and slaps his hand on his hot palm, as one who says to himself : " I've solved the mystery at last ! "

" I see what that cyclostyled sheet meant by saying explanations would be given to the judges, if necessary."

JOURNALIST

GLAMOUR OF CRIME

" THE popular view of the criminal," said Lord Feversham in his presidential address to the annual conference of the National Association of Probation Officers, " is tinged with an artificial colour of romance, assimilated from the large popular literature of crime stories." Is it true, I wonder, that the popular view of the criminal is tinged with romance ? Is the ordinary reader of detective stories more likely to be found on the side of the criminal than on the side of the police when a crime occurs in real life ? I doubt it. I fancy that, as soon as the age of imitation—the age of youth and childhood—is passed, only a small proportion of human beings are hero-worshippers of criminals. It is true that the political murderer is at times regarded as a hero, but then, however much we loathe political murder, we have to admit that it is in a special category. It is in many cases committed by men who are incapable of committing a crime of any other kind whatever. There was nothing of the spirit of the gaolbird in the traditional Brutus. It would be possible to argue with considerable plausibility that from a moral point of view Brutus was no more culpable than Cromwell. Cicero, who was a famous moralist, was enthusiastic about his deed, and many a tear has fallen from the eyes of the young and innocent over his sad end. But it is possible to think very highly of Brutus and his like and to have a very poor opinion of Landru or Brides-in-the-Bath Smith.

Murder, I admit, is fascinating, but that is not to say that it is romantic. Its fascination is the fascination of horror. In childhood we are fascinated by the story of Cain, but even the black sheep of the nursery does not make a hero of him. Cain is more real to us than Abel because he happens to have been given the best lines, but those who think with admiration of his defiant question : " Am I my brother's keeper ? " are to be found, not among common men and women, but among the intellectual minority. The normal man never wishes to be Cain any more than a normal man would wish to be Jack the Ripper. We love reading about murders, not because we are sensitive to their romance, but because, in reading about them, we go imaginatively on our travels in the wild territories of human nature. All the vices, indeed, attract the reader for the same reason. He is naturally inquisitive about the wildest deeds of people shaped in body and soul strangely like himself.

Apart from a few crimes of passion, however, murder seldom endears the murderer to us. We think of him as a rule as a mean fellow, callous and a social pest. I sometimes wonder, indeed, whether the murderers with whom we sympathise in drama and fiction, would not have repelled us if they had been our contemporaries. There are times when I cannot help suspecting the poets and novelists of faking the psychology of their murderer-heroes. Can you believe that a man with the character of Raskolnikov would have committed the base crime attributed to him in *Crime and Punishment* ? Some people would reply : " Not in England, but the Russian temperament is different." I doubt whether it is so different as all that. I can no more believe that Raskolnikov committed the murder than that King Lear behaved as Shakespeare makes him behave in the first act of the play.

As for Shakespeare's murderers, who could have believed in them if Shakespeare had made them his contemporaries ? Who would see any nobility in Macbeth if he had committed his crime in modern Europe ? His crime was as base as that of Nurse Waddingham. He murdered a good old man who was not only his king, but his guest. Yet the fact remains that we like him, and, what is stranger still, we like his extremely unscrupulous wife. This, I suspect, is the result of Shakespeare, having dazzled us by his poetry to a point at which we are blind to the real character of the Macbeth family. If he had told the truth about the Macbeths, there would have been no tragedy but only a sordid melodrama. He deceives us, however, into accepting his psychology, not

only by his poetry, but by placing the crime in a remote age when even fairly decent people were, according to report, capable of committing such crimes of violence. We say to ourselves: "No nice Elizabethan could have behaved like that, but even the nicest Scotsmen living in a barbarous age were capable of anything." And we end by persuading ourselves that a crime possible to a noble nature only in a savage age, was committed by a man with a sensitive and introspective temperament possible only in a civilised age. This being so, I cannot believe that Shakespeare's Macbeth is a real murderer. A Macbeth in modern life would win as little of our sympathy as a nurse who poisons an invalid woman in her charge for her money.

Similarly I feel that Shakespeare's Othello is a poetic fiction. I doubt, indeed, whether Shakespeare himself would have believed in his story if his hero had been a European. He deludes us into believing in Othello only by persuading us to take for granted that a noble African will behave in a fashion which to an equally noble European would be impossible. It is true that crimes of passion are not unknown in Europe, and that the criminals frequently become the objects of popular enthusiasm. But I have never read of a perpetrator of such a crime who was as fine a fellow as Othello. Why, Othello, like Macbeth, was a man whom one would have been proud to have as a guest at one's dinner-table. One would have invited all one's best friends to meet him. And this would not have been for snobbish reasons because of his eminent position in the State, but because he was one of the nicest persons imaginable. Apart from his crime, Othello would not have been out of place at the table of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Neither would Macbeth. I find it hard to believe that in real life murderers are such noble and enchanting company.

And, if the real murderer is not romantic, what about criminals of other types? Is even the gangster of the American films glamorous to any one who has passed out of his early teens? So far as my experience of the films goes, all the nice gangsters are youths who have gone into the business through weakness and who repent before the National Anthem is played. It is easy to imagine an unemployed youth's dreaming of escaping boredom by becoming a gunman. But an ordinary boy would have to be very bored indeed in order to dream longingly of living the life of the hero of Edgar Wallace's *On the Spot*. Motor-banditry is a fairly exciting occupation, but in my opinion even motor-banditry excites the admiration of only a small minority of the youths of the country. If the majority were conscious of the glamour of motor-banditry, we should find great mobs marching to Dartmoor to set their heroes free. As for other kinds of thieves, they were glamorous enough in the past, but if Robin Hood or Dick Turpin were living to-day ninety-nine hundredths of us would be on the side of the police. Security has for most of us more glamour than crime—except in fiction. In fiction, we like to live dangerously.

The chief glamour of crime in real life, I fancy, is that it offers such large rewards for such small efforts. There are few jobs in which the return for two hours' work approaches the proceeds of a successful smash-and-grab raid. Even a lucky piece of bag-snatching may produce more money than a lucky bet. Money for nothing is the world's desire, and half the crime of the world is due to it. That is why the ordinary thief is no more of a hero than the meanest petty tradesman who ever sanded his sugar. If you look over a year's newspapers and read all the crime-stories in them you will not find one in a thousand that has the faintest tinge of heroic glamour about it. One may admire the brains of the great financial swindlers; one may even admire their nerve; but, fundamentally even the swindlers of genius are as mean as the cheating grocer. The ordinary schoolboy, I am sure, is much more sensitive to the glamour of Nelson or Dickens or Mr. Baldwin.

Yet it must be admitted that we read about criminals with much more interest than about ordinary good people. It has often been remarked that no newspaper sends out its reporters in quest of little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love with half the enthusiasm with which it sends them out on the track of a murder-story. Goodness as a rule is not exciting, whereas almost anybody can become exciting by perpetrating a crime. It is much the same with human beings as with houses. Let an ordinary twentieth-century house behave itself properly and not go on fire, and nobody will think it worth looking at. Let even the most commonplace house go on fire, however, and thousands will flock to see it with unholy joy. This is not because they like houses to go on fire, but because they cannot help liking to see them when on fire. In the same way many people would not look twice at a man who was pointed out to them in the street as an honest man and a good husband, but they would stare their eyes out if you told them that he was a notorious swindler or a murderer who had escaped the gallows by the skin of his teeth. Romance? I do not think so. Merely the eternal fascination of the exceptional. Y. Y.

TOWARDS A RE-ORIENTATION

SIR,—The last meeting of the League's Council was one of those decisive events that invite us to review our outlook on policy. It may be rash to forecast French action until the new Chamber meets, but the probability is that there will be no marked change. The League has failed to prevent the conquest of Abyssinia. Its sanctions have aggravated Mussolini's financial difficulties without enforcing the Covenant, or vindicating its own authority. With the Manchurian affair and the Disarmament Conference on its record, is such a failure mortal? Is it reasonable to continue to base our policy and our hopes of peace on this League? The answer will depend on our diagnosis.

A short view may mislead; the causes of this failure go back to 1918. The League was lamed in its cradle by the character of the peace settlement which drove America into isolation, by the exclusion of Germany and by the several alliances which the French contracted, thereby sapping the Covenant and ruining the prospect of impartial action. Reparations, the Ruhr invasion, the veto on the Austro-German Customs Union and the refusal of the victors to disarm prepared the Nazi triumph, and so made one of the many insoluble dilemmas that confront the League to-day. Without Germany it is a partisan alliance; but if it admits Germany and retains Italy, its Council is packed with Powers whose political philosophy is in violent conflict with its idea. With all this miserable history, a Genevan may say, the League had nothing to do. That is just the trouble. How could a League that had to watch impassive the ruin of a great part of Europe by reparations and the Ruhr invasion control the consequences that now confront us? The League, if it is to ensure peace, must be sovereign in Europe.

Our parliamentary tradition in such a case inclines us to level our complaints and petitions at our own Government. Certainly from the Hang-the-Kaiser election down to Sir Samuel Hoare's betrayal, a heavy responsibility lies on successive British Cabinets. But bad as the British record on disarmament may be, that of the French under M. Barthou was somewhat worse. French public opinion was even more tolerant of Japanese aggression than British. In the Abyssinian affair one may endorse (as I do) all your criticisms of the British Cabinet, and your suspicions of its motives, and yet hold the French chiefly responsible. The broad fact is that the British Government gave a lead, while the French obstructed and sabotaged. British timidity was due mainly to French resistance. It is necessary to say this, because the belief prevails in the Labour Party that if one of its Front Bench had sat in Mr. Eden's place, all would have been well. Under actual conditions at Geneva, the question whether a Labour Minister could have done better comes to this: Could he have bought French support?

Such a question carries us back to the ways of the old Concert of Europe, and implies a fundamental criticism of the actual League, though not of its idea. It cannot be trusted to function automatically, effectively and with judicial impartiality against any and every aggressor. Whether it functions effectively, feebly or not at all, depends on the view taken by its two leading Powers, after private conversations, of their respective interests. It could hardly be otherwise, for the balance of military and economic

power within the League is such that it can act with these two, but never against them. President Wilson foresaw this state of affairs, and proposed to obviate it by creating a great American navy to serve as a make-weight in the balance at Geneva. The entry of Russia should have made a difference, but in fact has not done so, since she came in with limited interests as the ally of France. In a League so constituted, at what price could a British Government buy the indispensable support of France?

The decisive consideration for the French was that Italy is in effect their military ally. If they allowed her to be alienated, humiliated and weakened by effective sanctions, their own security would be endangered and their European system wrecked. Then would the British Government pledge itself to act as a substitute for Italy? Would it defend the *status quo* on the Danube with men, 'planes and ships? Would it join in coercive action to prevent the fortification by the Germans of the Rhine Valley? Finally, would it for a quarter of a century, as the French Peace Plan proposes, underwrite the territorial *status quo* in Europe, with all revision barred? Note that the actual safety of France is not at issue, for the obligations of Locarno have been confirmed by military conversations. What is at stake is the permanence of the many alliances that constitute the French power-complex.

Well, then, would the Labour Party give such pledges? Put the question in general terms—"Do you stand by the Covenant and Collective Security?"—and the answer will be affirmative. But Collective Security is a meaningless aspiration, until one asks what it is that one collectively secures. If one insists on concrete detail, the Party's answer may falter. Will you underwrite the Versailles Settlement for a generation, with revision expressly ruled out? Or will you, knowing all about the French Maginot line, flout equality by forbidding the Germans to fortify the Rhine Valley?

But the crux is Austria. This is of all European issues the most urgent and the most perilous. It is not a simple issue. Any change that strengthens Hitler's military power adds to the menace that broods over European civilisation. But does one wish to strengthen the other Fascist Dictator, by confirming his imperial grip on this puppet State? One cannot pretend that in this choice democracy is at stake. As for the principle of self-determination, it is possible and even probable that in a free plebiscite a majority of Austrians would vote for the German solution. The victors and the League have failed through eighteen years to make life tolerable for this population, which they sacrificed to their own strategic calculations. Certainly the Socialists, persecuted to-day, would fare still worse under the Nazis, and so would the Jews. But is the difference between the two brands of Fascism so considerable that one would risk one's own life and send millions of young men to their death to keep Starhemberg in and Hitler out?

When the problems of European policy can be stated only as a series of dilemmas that admit of no tolerable solution, I am disposed to think that we should revise our policy, perceiving that a revolutionary situation may lie ahead of us in a not far distant future. A Wilsonian League never did exist, and cannot to-day be constituted. A Stresa Front, masked under Genevan gowns, could be reconstituted, if Downing Street would pay the French price and make it up with Mussolini. This, if I read the Tory mind correctly, will not happen, and I hope that the Labour Party will use no pressure to drive Mr. Baldwin in this direction. I know what can be urged in favour of this course: it would hold Hitler in check and might ensure Russia's safety; if it came to the test of war, it would smash the Nazi monster for ever. Perhaps; but it would also give yet another victory to British, French and Italian capitalist-imperialism, and I am not persuaded that it would make a happy world. The French, this time, would dismember Germany, and if the Russians tried to favour a Communist solution, the alliance would break up. Any League under this leadership will be, with whatever disguises, an alliance to maintain the balance of power and the present distribution of economic opportunity. To accept such a League as the arbiter qualified to decide for the Labour Party whether it shall call out its young men to fight, would be a flat betrayal of Socialist ethics. The only honourable attitude that a Socialist Party can adopt to such a League is one of independence and detachment, backed by a determination to use its weapon of mass-resistance to veto this country's participation in any capitalist-imperialist war, even if Geneva should bless it. In that category I would include a war to defend "our frontier on the Rhine." If danger overtakes France, it will be because she has striven to maintain the Clemenceau system of hegemony.

This argument will not convince those who hold that the Wilsonian League, however ill-served by statesmen, was itself the ideal model. May I put to them very briefly three heresies that I have maintained for twenty years—first of all in a book called *A League of Nations*: (1) This is not a League; it is a collection of Governments, each retaining to the full its national sovereignty, each the sole judge of what armaments it requires. It has no central authority above these governments. Each chooses and pays as Foreign Minister a watchdog of its own national interests, and then we expect that this man, when he flies from his office to Geneva, will on the instant grow an international mind. A president and a standing international council elected on personal merit by the Assembly might have given some hope for the evolution of a genuine League policy. (2) The fundamental idea of the League, that it can ensure peace by dealing with isolated disputes between its members, sprang from obsolete thinking. A "dispute" is commonly a sign of something awry in the structure of the world (distribution of population, raw materials, etc.), that calls for general legislation and planning. But sovereignty (with the unanimity and domestic jurisdiction rules) stands in the way. (3) A League that failed to base its whole structure on economic co-operation was bound to disappoint. The best cement is not coercive sanctions, but economic benefits. To-day even a second-rate Power like Brazil can walk out, conscious of no loss. A purely political bond cannot hold States that cling to their national sovereignty. States that mean to live by the law of mutual aid must begin with the joint planning of their economic systems, and the pooling of their defensive resources. Between States that have no common social philosophy this is impossible, nor would any capitalist empire, let alone a Fascist Dictatorship, bend to this ideal of the common good. The right course, then, for those who believe in collective security, economic as well as military, is a vigilant detachment, while we live under a capitalist government. So soon as we have a Socialist Government in power, let us endeavour, with the Soviet Union as our chief partner, to build a Federation of Socialist and like-minded States.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Correspondence

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN

SIR,—The article by Mr. Ivor Brown on "*Parnell* and the Lord Chamberlain" in last week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION raises once again the utter childishness and absurdity of the whole question of the censorship of plays. It is surely time that, as Mr. Brown suggests, the Lord Chamberlain's office should publish some guide to playwrights. Plays seem to be refused licence for various reasons without any terms of reference to those who read plays submitted to the Lord Chamberlain.

We have ourselves recently had experience of the utter illogicality of censorship. We applied for licence to give a public performance of *The Widow of Ephesus*, a play which, when privately performed for our 1935 competition, took second prize. Licence was refused and, while the refusal was quite courteously made, no reason was given. The play is founded on a story in the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter. Being myself unable to conceive of any reason for the refusal, I wrote to the Lord Chamberlain asking if I might be given a reason. I was very graciously asked to attend at St. James's Palace, where I learned that there were three reasons for banning the play. The first was that it was too gruesome, the second that it was clear that the lovers had lain together, and third that it was a very cynical end. Surely no more surprising set of reasons ever went to the banning of a play?

As the action of the play is in a tomb where the young widow mourns over the corpse of her husband, gruesomeness must be admitted. But consider the futility of trying to protect from the gruesome a generation which has so recently faced the horrors of war.

It is true that the widow embraces her new lover in the tomb, but what of Romeo and Juliet? While as for cynicism, we admit that the widow suggests the substitution of the corpse of her husband for that of another corpse in order to save the life of her lover, but what of the Queen in *Hamlet?* In any case, our play is a satire, and how should a satire end?

The crowning absurdity of the whole question of play censorship is, of course, that any play may be "privately" presented and

that selling seats before the performance to a club constitutes a "private" performance. ELIZABETH EVERARD

The International One-Act Play Theatre,
9 Wardour Street, London, W.1

A BLACKSHIRT MEETING

SIR,—On Monday evening last I attended a Blackshirt meeting at Hollydale Road School, Peckham, as the representative of the *News Chronicle*.

The meeting was called as a "free speech" meeting to protest against the alleged breaking-up of Captain Harvey's indoor gatherings in the Peckham by-election. I was informed that the speaker was a Mr. Clement Brunning. There were perhaps fifty members of the public present and about two dozen uniformed Blackshirts in the corridors.

Mr. Brunning spoke for about an hour, and although his speech was at times highly provocative, he was listened to without an interruption. When question time arrived the Blackshirts crowded into the hall, and questions were asked quietly by young Socialists in an atmosphere of intimidation.

One of the most reasonable questioners was a bespectacled studious-looking young man, whose name I afterwards learned was C. G. Silk. He was sitting with another man about four rows from the front. I was in the front row, a few feet away from him.

When questions were over, the speaker said: "As is customary at Fascist meetings, we shall end with the 'Internationale.' Anyone who wants to leave can do so now." The word "Internationale" was obviously a verbal slip, but several people seemed puzzled, and Mr. Silk repeated "Internationale?" in a questioning tone. About half a dozen of the public left, their pace being quickened by the threatening command of the speaker to "Make it snappy!"

The meeting then stood and began to sing the National Anthem. Mr. Silk and his companion remained seated. Immediately three Blackshirts crept upon them from behind—literally crept—and without the slightest warning seized the unsuspecting men with the greatest possible violence—a violence which was sadistic and calculated—and half-dragged, half-hurled them from the room. Mr. Silk's face was badly battered and blood was pouring from his left eye.

At the time there were five or six police officers in the playground or near it, and the assault occurred under their very eyes. They took no effective action, despite heated protests from members of the public, and their chief concern seemed to be to save themselves trouble by getting Mr. Silk to go home quietly, lest he should be assaulted again! As far as I could see, not the slightest attempt was made to investigate the incident.

Among the members of the public who saw the episode and protested to me were Mr. H. Innes, c/o the New Zealand Government Office (Room 34); Mr. I. L. Jones, Kirkwood Road, Nunhead; and Mr. E. Burden, Cornwall Road, Peckham.

The only consolation I could derive from the meeting was that at least a dozen neutral people who might have been interested in a well-presented speech went away utterly disgusted with the whole Blackshirt business. PAUL WINTERTON

Green Boughs,
Selsdon Vale, Selsdon.

"WITH ONE EXCEPTION"

SIR,—Says the *Times* of May 4th: "No one who looks back over the events of the last year can produce a single case—with one unfortunate exception—in which the Government has wavered for a moment from a definite line of action."

With similar logic might Signor Mussolini say: "In not a single instance—with one unfortunate exception—have I attacked a foreign country in violation of the Covenant and other treaties."

Likewise could Herr Hitler say: "Never—with one unfortunate exception—have I written a book advocating German aggression."

Or the ex-Kaiser might say: "Never—with one unfortunate exception—have I precipitated a world war."

And a man on trial for murder might say: "Throughout my life—with one unfortunate exception—I have carefully refrained from killing anybody." H. C.

THE ASSYRIANS

SIR,—I think it will interest your readers to know that, since the Mansion House Meeting on March 31st, roughly some £1,200 has been received by the above fund. This money has not come in large sums, but in small donations from all walks in life, from a few stamps to £100, from old-age pensioners to statesmen like our Foreign Secretary.

Since the Appeal was launched at the Mansion House, we have had great difficulty in getting people to know where the offices of the fund are. I should therefore deeply appreciate it if you would definitely state to your readers that all contributions should be sent to: His Grace The Archbishop of Canterbury, Assyrian Settlement National Appeal, 20, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The Organising Secretary (Captain G. F. Gracey) will be glad to give any further information regarding the Appeal, and will arrange for lectures, church services and meetings, etc., if so desired. G. F. GRACEY,

The Assyrian Settlement National Appeal, Organising Secretary
20, Gordon Square,
London, W.C.1.

Miscellany

A. E. HOUSMAN

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

THE friends who knew him best will lament the death of A. E. Housman neither for his sake, nor for the loss to poetry and scholarship, but on personal grounds alone. He had repeatedly averred his work in both spheres was finished, and he desired death. In a letter dated towards the end of 1934—one of his unusually long and communicative letters—he wrote, recounting signs of old age: "My life is bearable, but I do not want it to continue, and I wish it had ended a year and a half ago. The great and real troubles of my early manhood did not render those days so permanently unsatisfactory as these." No explanation was given of the period mentioned, but I remembered that it coincided with the completion of *Manilius*. And along with this wish was another, reiterated in latter years like an obsession, that death might come suddenly. Often in our talks he had referred with a sort of exultant envy to those of his acquaintance to whom the boon had been given, to one in particular who had taken his accustomed meal at high table, gone for his accustomed walk, and stayed to rest on his accustomed seat under the elms. Passers-by had remarked the sleeping figure. It was death that had come thus gently, and that to Housman was life's one perfect gift.

As to poetry, he neither wished nor intended to write more. It was not that the fount had run dry, rather a determined resolve that its flow should be suppressed. He dreaded the cost. As our intimacy grew and I became more venturesome in inquiry, he talked willingly of his creative methods and experiences. The more superficial and amusing of these figured in the famous lecture delivered in the Senate House in 1933; the private recital told a very different story. It conveyed the impression of nervous travail so intense, so prostrating, that the bare thought of a recurrence was too formidable to contemplate. The whole of the sixty-three lyrics in *A Shropshire Lad* were composed in something less than eighteen months, the first half-dozen, he confessed, before he had ever set foot in the county. Then, as the impulse gathered force, he felt it might be well to pay Shropshire a visit—for local colour, he added scoffingly. What precisely the benefit had been he did not say; the flow continued, intermittently or tumultuously, till the end was reached. Most of the poems were composed during his afternoon walks, and set down on paper with little more than verbal corrections; when difficulty was encountered it was almost invariably with the final verse, which sometimes involved a three weeks' struggle. Such direct influences as he was conscious of were, he told me, the Old Ballads, Shakespeare's Songs, and Heine, and these he had studied intensively before a line of *A Shrop-*

shire Lad was written. When the subject of composition was first broached he spoke only of its trials, and this primarily, I believed, to combat my appeal for more. When I persisted, he admitted to having written some half-dozen lyrics during the eighteen subsequent years; they were lying in his desk —he pointed to it—"awaiting posthumous publication," he said laughingly. My renewed importunities in and out of season seemed rather to amuse and please than to vex him, but it was only at the moment of farewell on leaving Cambridge and its war work that I had the satisfaction of hearing that my "prayer," as he expressed it with the faintest curl of lip, had been answered, and that the number of poems in his desk had doubled since he first mentioned them. In the succeeding four years they increased to the forty-one published as *Last Poems* in 1922.

The depths and complexities of Housman's character were almost impenetrably obscured by his reticence, and still more perhaps by his determined habit of self-suppression. In the early days of friendship I could only attribute his unyielding patches of taciturnity to my own insufficiencies, and so probably made confusion worse confounded. Until one day, immediately following his visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, Robert Bridges vociferated in a breath: "Can you get him to talk? I can't." This was appeasing, and still more so when a universally popular Head of College regaled me with the inconspicuous devices he had resorted to in the capacity of host to limit their unsupported interviews to ten minutes at a stretch. True, Housman could never be garrulous, the easy and traditional exchanges of personalities seemed impossible to him; and except good stories were passing, never jocund. But search his knowledge, suggest and question with discrimination, refuse defeat, and the reward was converse not brilliant, but rich in information, excellently clear and incisive in expression, prompt in analogy and quotation, whether in prose or verse, and, perhaps its rarest quality, judgments and opinions that were never perverse or whimsical, but the fruits of a mind trained to precision, amazingly retentive, and exquisitively sensitive to literary values. His assessments of literary merit were always given with decision, in the case of poetry with an air of finality; almost they brought conviction when least anticipated. As instances he spoke of Shelley as maintaining the highest level of all our poets; of the original issues of Bridges' *Shorter Poems* as probably the most perfect single volume of English verse ever published; and of William Watson's *Wordsworth's Grave* as "one of the precious things in English literature." What was and what was not poetry he decided simply, and I should say with the nearest possible approach to infallibility, by the physical response, or none, in the throat, the spinal cord, or the pit of the stomach, and the last the supreme oracle. Once when he had used the term in conversation, he was asked, What is the solar plexus? A doctor present was hastening the Faculty's definition, when Housman whipped in with the rejoinder: "It is what my poetry comes from." One of his favourite books, and constantly reverted to as a model of style, was Selden's *Table Talk*; among contemporary novelists he was enthusiastic in praise of Arnold Bennett, scornful in disparagement of Galsworthy; detective stories he read as avidly as M'Taggart, and readily advised those he liked.

He enlightened my ignorance at length on *Manilius*, from which I got an impression of immense labour, and of an adventure pursued less for the sake of literary worth than of resolving textual difficulties. The subject came pat for discussion as a consequence of his telling me, with an ironic laugh, that I should be amused to hear he had been hailed in Germany, on the completion of the book, as the first of living scholars. The laugh, not for the first time, nipped felicitations in the bud.

But scholars, if not scholarship, provided during one of our walks the best and most sustained talk I ever won from him. I chanced to remark that more than once in Cambridge he had been described in my hearing as their greatest scholar since Bentley. His face darkened, his whole frame grew taut, and in an angered voice he replied: "I will not tolerate comparison with Bentley. Bentley is alone and supreme. They may compare me with Porson if they will—the comparison is not preposterous—he surpassed me in some qualities as I claim to surpass him in others"; and thereafter for a full hour he dilated on the personalities and achievements of the two eighteenth-century scholars, illustrated by copious anecdotes and incidents, relating both to the men, their characteristics, and their milieu.

Housman's knowledge could hardly have been less extensive, or his memory less retentive, than Macaulay's; to his tastes and predilections there were definite limits. He cared little for pictures, nothing for music. Since he had so often and so unaccountably allowed his verses to be set to music, and never as I knew experienced the results, it occurred to me that he might like to hear gramophone records of Vaughan Williams' settings sung by Gervase Elwes. I was oblivious of the effect until two of them had been played, and then turning in my chair I beheld a face wrought and flushed with torment, a figure tense and bolt upright as though in an extremity of controlling pain or anger, or both. To invite comment or question was too like bearding the lion in its den, so I ignored the subject and asked mildly if there was anything else he would like. A pause. There was a visible struggle for self-possession, a slow relaxation of posture, and then a naive admission that people talked a good deal about Beethoven's Fifth Symphony: had we got a record? I turned it on, and watched. The Sphinx-like countenance suggested anything and everything but pleasure, though there was an expression of contentment during the slow movement, and faintest praise of it, and it alone, at the close.

I never saw him so much as glance at the water-colours on the walls. Once at my suggestion he went steadily and rather precipitately through cases of Japanese colour-prints; the landscapes he liked, or did he?—I am not sure; but on the same wet visit he spent most of one day voluntarily with the several volumes of Max Beerbohm's caricatures in visible and audible enjoyment. These exhausted, I offered the recently published Yashiro's *Botticelli*. He refused, with the surprising remark that he cared nothing for Italian art earlier than Giovanni Bellini. Such an opportunity of correcting his chronology had never come before, would never come again; I smacked my lips over the temptation—and resisted it.

Of Housman's outside interests three only came within my cognizance—flowers, mediaeval churches, and wine; and one or another of them filled many an ugly gap in conversation, drew him when talk had become difficult as drawing blood from a stone, and afforded astonishing instances of the exactness and particularity of his knowledge. In search of wines and their allurements, ecclesiastical architecture and its grandeurs, he had toured year by year the famous vineyards, hostelries of repute, and the great churches of France. His reaction to the flowers of the garden was amusing, if for no other reason, as a revelation of two pronounced characteristics: strange and rabid aversions, and naked literalness in expressing them. I came to the conclusion that the flowers he loved were the flowers known in childhood, and the more familiar in childhood the greater his wrath at the horticulturists' "improvements." Like Robert Bridges, he had a peculiar fondness for the scent of flowers and herbs. I have seen the former, when well past eighty, flop on to the ground a dozen times in as many minutes to smell the flowers at his feet; Housman, with more sobriety and less regard for pernickety proprietorship, would trample the border to get at any flowers that promised the desired whiff on unbending terms.

He was an avowed misogynist, uneasy and self-conscious in the company of unfamiliar women, courteous always, but strained in courtesy, and frank and emphatic in his denunciation of the sex generally. "Where would you expect her to be?" he was once asked at table when savagely inveighing against a hostess who, after presiding at a dinner-party of men, joined them later in the drawing-room. "In the

pantry!" he snapped. Indeed no subject was more certain of rousing him to willing and decisive speech. But there is a companion picture, so different, and of his own unconscious portraying; of another Housman, and of one exception at any rate to the sweeping condemnation. We were discussing friendship, when, after a jibe at my fecundity in this kind, he told me he had numbered but three friends in his whole life, and added with a note of exultation how more comfortably he could die now that he had seen the last of them put to rest. With a tenderness of passion utterly undisguised he went on to speak of this last of his friends—a woman—recently dead. He had loved and revered her from youth; she was his senior in age, I judged a close and constant companion in earlier days, in more recent years of separation a presence still to which he owed—though he did not quote the words—

> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

A stifled voice told more eloquently than the abrupt words both what he had won and what lost in her; and the story ended with a thank God he had outlived her and knew her safely laid in earth. This is the Housman, implicit in his poetry, so hidden in his person, who, on hearing of the fatal disease that had attacked the gondolier he had employed for many successive summers, rushed off to Venice in mid-winter, made all provision with legal security for the man's comfort while he lived—and life was prolonged for several years—and left for England three days later never, as he told me significantly, to go back again. The emotions may have run as deep and strong in many men, but few can have repressed them so effectually that only intimacy provided a rare and fleeting glimpse. The consequence was, for him, loneliness; for most of those who knew him a half-knowledge—the half that tended to exclude those feelings that are the better part of friendship. He seemed neither to ask nor expect affection, but when, on the two or three occasions he either related or received in my presence unquestionable evidences of it, he describes the effect as almost overwhelming. A common enough phrase, but coming from such a man as Housman a revelation of qualities hidden too deep away, and of potentialities, I cannot but think, grievously and mistakenly thwarted.

PERCY WITHERS

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE Royal Academy has opened for the hundred and sixty-eighth time, to settle—at least for the early summer—a good deal of this nonsense about art. The grey court of Burlington House is packed with shiny cars; the scene looks alert, decided and very massive, like an annexe of Whitehall. There is no reason why art should be lowering or upsetting, should put into one's head ideas not already there or be a tactless mirror. The stairs inside Burlington House are broad as the stairs to heaven: at the top there is reassurance, or, at least, escape. May is no time to inquire what art is: if a group of important people did not know, there would be no Royal Academy. Art can be civic, jolly, reverent, tender, virile, coy. On the title page of the Academy's light blue catalogue a quotation from Bridges, like a fanciful heading to a menu, sets the tone of the show and settles the matter finally.

> Art is the true and happy science of the soul, exploring nature for spiritual influences.

Once we know more or less what we are in for, no one is fonder of art than we English: is it not part of our heritage? Art teaches us to see life, so full of colour and quaintness that in our hurry we often overlook. When we totter out of the Royal Academy, everything that we look at for some time after composes into pictures in thick gold frames, which shows that we have developed the seeing eye. Art teaches us to observe the moods of nature and reminds us that nature is always going on. Art makes us sympathise with the lower orders by showing them in market places and pubs. Art helps us to find beauty by starring places or objects in which it may be found. There is no reason why art should not move with the times and explore our civilisation, as well as nature, for spiritual influences: trams, esplanades and bungalows may be perfectly proper subjects if treated well. Every year our Academy becomes more broadminded. There is no harm in English painters glancing abroad and learning to paint a little like Monet, Utrillo or Van Gogh so long as they do not lose their normal point of view. Normality is a major part of our heritage: Americans by calling it normalcy show that they are not normal in the true sense. It is the business of an artist to paint objects recognisably, give moral pleasure and make art pay. If it does not pay there must be something wrong with him; if it does, he is taking his place in society. He should turn up at the Private View looking as much like an artist as possible, in order to contribute to the fun.

Every May, then, Burlington House opens its doors to give art, like the Royal Family, its place in the heart of the nation, to assert standards and discourage silly ideas. The Chinese, French, Italian or Flemish pictures which hung there during the winter have gone back where they belong. They are not quite forgotten; they have affected fashion. At the Private View, younger ladies' hats and collars remember them prettily; one or two of the glossy pictures above the hat-line reflect their influence. The winter exhibitions are education, proper to grim grey months. But at the Royal Academy everything is much jollier; art not only uplifts, she flatters and entertains. The most winning, perhaps the only winning, feature of the crowd inside the Academy is that it is not pretentious. It is here not because it ought to be, because the B.B.C. or its high-class friends have been at it, but because this is what it really enjoys. There is an honest exuberance which one might call smug. Almost all the pictures beam with a mediocre sincerity. They are by people empowered by command of a medium to express, not a general truth (these are so hard to come on, that to as much as discover one is the prerogative of genius: even then, it takes decades to get a truth across) but a general sentiment. These are pictures by people sincere above a certain level, below which it is not wise to go. This month, Burlington House is glossy and bland with pictures that represent the norm of English honesty, susceptibility, power or wish to see. Many people get upset—which is a credit to them and shows that they have a soul—by bluebells, moonlight, a Scottish glen, a procession seen from a window, a tree in flower, nubbly sheep crossing snow, a home in sunset, young children skipping along a beach: they feel they wish they could paint. These happy exhibitors can. That is to say, they can so treat with form and apply colour as to give represented objects the ideality of a homesick Englishman's memories, a clerk's regrets for a finished holiday.

The blandness of the whole show is unnerving. The English must be the most alarming race on earth; they ride down a minority so unconsciously. An evenly wide zone of facetious tolerance protects what few vital beliefs they have. You cannot be alien from them in feeling or nationality without writhing under their fair play. Their prudery of spirit is so infectious that to force them into the open becomes embarrassing. They see themselves as St. George got up as Old Bill. Their good-natured fun has disgruntled into existence a minority that is too largely tedious, fractious or second-rate. To dissent is not, unhappily, always to be excellent. Minorities make themselves worlds that become provincial and nearly watertight: there is a good deal of horrid, pert, minority snobbishness. To run down the Royal Academy is too easy fun. It is nothing but melancholy to see the greater part of the English being fed the art they deserve. This annual national gesture, this assent to art every May is grave enough to make one fidget, however detached one is. The English have dignity, they are not nincompoops: why should this national show be such a farce? There are three or four good pictures nearly every year; most of the rest show a muddled vitality. The old hands know the tricks of their trade too well, they can take their top notes without a quiver, but the younger exhibitors have gone all out, however misdirectedly.

The public comes in perfectly good faith. Augustness still hands over the Private View.

The Private View is very august indeed. Everyone seems satisfied with themselves and art. On the lozenge-shaped centre benches in each saloon sit very old grand people, having preserved in orris the elegance of decades ago. Doddering grand old men nurse their silk hats. The farded bluish faces of grand old women quiver with feather-shadows; feathers or yellow ermine are round their necks; they look round like owls in daylight. The thick unseated crowd moves round the lozenge benches like stirred porridge. May 1st, 1936, was Aprilish, sun rolled in infrequent waves through the high glass roofs. But the canvases would have brightened a thunderstorm. Younger people, though more mobile, were less dashing: a few orchids in buttonholes and small smart turning heads did not leaven the mass of dowdiness. It was inconceivable that beings, all human, should vary so very widely in shape and style, and so few be quite right. In the congested human traffic, blocks determined the pictures of the year. Where someone stopped they all stopped, as though there had been an accident. Only the old sat on, like Trafalgar lions. The noise, though stupefying, was not irreverent: the whole effect was cathedralish. Why disestablish art?

Fatigue and bemused respect for this rolled one flat. Pictures that I remember as being good looked far off, at the time, and related to nothing there—the late Miss Beatrice How's *L'Infirmière* (392), pictures by Miss Ethel Walker, Mr. Fitton, and a flower piece by Miss Beatrice Bland. I should rather see them elsewhere. I may have missed several others. Visibility, that day, seemed the chief merit. Mr. Simon Elwes has painted the Duke of York, heroic (150), and, very nicely, Sir Richard Sykes with a butler and perspective of cool rooms (415). Not far from the Duke of York, Mr. Ranken's *Portrait Group* (135) arrested the eye with the immense size of its canvas, the height of its blond young people, the alliance of voluptuousness and high prosperity. There is an impressive picture of Canadian fecundity. The punctuality with which Dame Laura Knight reproduces her circus pieces is amazing: I learn that her *Spring in Cornwall* would have been the picture of the year had not it been exhibited already. Otherwise she gave no reason to stop. Mr. Augustus John's two portraits (57, 168) stopped one inevitably. Mr. Munnings sent, this year, fewer horses and more landscapes. Considering all he got in, Mr. F. O. Salisbury's canvas for *The Heart of the Empire, May 6th, 1935* (163), is not really so very large. The outstanding Lavery picture was *Summer* (229). Sir D. Y. Cameron, Messrs. Lamorna Birch, Brockhurst, Russell Flint, and Connard showed their known conviction and verve. There was nothing out of place, like a Sickert. I saw not a portrait that could have displeased the sitter. There were the usual flower pieces and decent nudes, allegorical or otherwise. The Misses Zinkeisens' charming, dashing pictures were the best of the spreading *Vogue*-cover school. Child portraits show an increase in sensitivity. The Anning Bell manner is spreading too.

I hope no one will say the Academy is going off. This 1936 exhibition seemed to me very showy. Either blow the whole thing up or like it the way it is. ELIZABETH BOWEN

FOUR SHOWS

No doubt, in the course of my life, I have committed my share of critical absurdities, and the most absurd, no doubt, was to insult Degas with faint praise. It was a childish aberration; and by last autumn I was quite capable of understanding the tremendous power and penetration made manifest in the Vollard show. If the collection of paintings, pastels and drawings now showing at Agnew's is not quite on a level with that—perhaps none could be—it is impressive enough. To attempt to criticise it would be silly: all that one can say to people who care for art is that if they miss it they will be sorry. Consider only the three "bath pictures" (Nos. 6, 24, 28, *not* 17, about which there is something odd): can one imagine finer drawing than that perfectly sure statement of an infinitely complicated movement which is *La serviette de bain* (No. 28); can paint or pastel create colour more thrilling than that of Nos. 6 and 24? While in such pictures as Nos. 26, 30, 32, 34, we see another Degas, the great organiser of forms, who is a psychologist as well, and can interpret the queerest and most fleeting shades of human relationships. Degas, had he chosen, could have been, amongst other things, one of the greatest illustrators that ever lived.

Wildenstein, at 11 Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, has two exhibitions neither of which should be missed. Roger de La Fresnaye had admirers, Picasso amongst them, from the first; and in 1914, when he was twenty-nine, there were amateurs who considered him "the coming man." He was gassed in the war, and for the rest of his short life—he died in "twenty-five"—was always more or less ill. Never again, to the best of my belief, did he attempt one of those big compositions, which are now hard to come by or even see, and on which his admirers founded their hopes. He was extremely intelligent, whimsical and a little malicious; and as a result was sometimes naughty. He was inclined, I mean, to play tricks with his talent; and, during the last years of his life, which was when I knew him, would push his taste for trim elegance occasionally to Prud'honesque exercises and sometimes to essays almost *Vogue*-like. His drawing now and again has a touch of the milliner's taste about it; but often it is passionately pure and expressive. Had he come through the war unscathed what would he have done with his talent and intelligence? Possibly he would have become that neo-classic for whom we have all been waiting these fifteen years, and whom we await still, that artist whose work has now to be done in such hours as he can spare from expressing other sides of his multitudinous nature by Picasso.

André Villeboeuf, whose water-colours fill two rooms, was

AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT the shares of British Banks and Insurance Companies offer safety of capital and certainty of income with excellent prospects of appreciation. Hitherto, investment in this field has been restricted by the high cost of the shares and the liability generally attaching to them in respect of uncalled capital. Through the Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares the investor can now acquire an interest, free from personal liability, in shares selected from fifty-two British Banking and Insurance Companies.

TRUST of BANK & INSURANCE SHARES

Bank-Insurance Units may be bought and sold at any time through any Stockbroker or Bank. Estimated yield, from 3¼ per cent. to 4 per cent.
Price of Units, 5th May, 1936 . . . 21s. 3d.

TRUSTEES: MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD.
MANAGERS: TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED
30 CORNHILL · LONDON: E.C.3. TEL.: MANSION HSE. 5467

Apply to the General Manager for "Bank-Insurance" Shares Pamphlet.

MeN 836/3

recognised a dozen years ago as a young painter of promise. Since then one seems to have seen nothing by him but engravings. To me, at any rate, this exhibition comes as a pleasant surprise. Evidently the artist's first preoccupation has been to render his sense of Spain. He has succeeded brilliantly. Look at No. 13, *Street in Madrid*, if you can, for it almost makes you feel the grit in your eyes and the wind conspiring with the sun to make Madrid one of the most unwelcoming though exciting cities in the world. Here you will feel is the expression of aridity ; you may also feel that the little figures in the street are less interesting than the spirit of the picture, and you may conclude that they are illustrative rather than plastic. Villeboeuf, I suspect, is a less thorough draughtsman than La Fresnaye : one need not drag in Degas. And yet, look now at that bull about to collapse, and the matador standing, watching, with that air of pride apeing humility which a matador knows how to affect when he has made a good job of it. Here, at any rate, there is nothing inadequate : execution matches vision, and both are admirably acute. Indeed *aficionados*, who care little or nothing for the painter's art, may be recommended to visit this exhibition. However, it would be a mistake to suppose that Villeboeuf is nothing but a gifted representer, a mere renderer of moods and situations. He has a delightful sense of decoration (see No. 16, *Market in Madrid*) ; and, being an artist, is rarely content to leave facts as facts. He converts them to beauty.

The roomful of French pictures at the Leicester Galleries is really an exhibition to the glory of Camille Pissarro. It is always slightly surprising to rediscover what a good, what an important, artist Pissarro was before ever impressionism was heard of. It is always impressive, and moving, to observe how this good artist never ceased, throughout his long life, to speculate, to criticise and to experiment. In almost any other age he would have been one of the greatest ; in the nineteenth century his is a secondary, though not a second-rate, name. Having begun with a word of modesty, perhaps I may end on a flourish of self-satisfaction : for, when I consider that Pissarro is not amongst the very greatest of his age, I cannot but think that the most sensible thing I ever said—and how it shocked and annoyed the cultivated when I said it five-and-twenty years ago—was that French art of the nineteenth century was a match for Italian of the fifteenth.

CLIVE BELL

Face the day with confidence

A comfortable shave means a good start to the day. If you find shaving a bore in the morning, give Parke-Davis Shaving Cream a trial. It really does soften the beard quickly and effectively, and yet protects the skin from irritation. Sold in large 1s. 6d. tubes by all chemists.

PARKE-DAVIS Shaving Cream

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream is a delight to use—and after use! It softens the most stubborn beard and soothes the tenderest skin.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Peer Gynt," at Sadler's Wells

Peer Gynt loses more than *Hamlet* by cutting. A selection of scenes, such as was given at the Old Vic last Christmas, results only in emphasising the more conventional side of the play, in reducing it to a plot of the returning native, so that Solveig singing outside the hut and Peer tottering home become commonplace and stagey in a way which no performance of the full version could make them. The new production at Sadler's Wells of *Peer Gynt* " in its entirety " is still by no means complete, but it succeeds in giving us most of the play, and in making a broad effect. And what an astounding play it is ! English critics as well as English audiences tend to forget *Peer Gynt* when they are discussing Ibsen, and to ignore all the exuberance of poetry, humour, irony and native feeling which he put into this one play. The contrasts are staggering. Ase's death and the flight of the tattered, tearing, haunted young Peer is followed—after an hour's interval for dinner at Sadler's Wells—by his reappearance, wealthy and cynically immaculate in middle age, on a desert coast. That scene, with the providential sinking of the yacht, contains all the best of Shavian farce and a good deal more. We see him pelted by monkeys, seduced and tricked by Anitra, questioning the Sphinx, feted by lunatics in an asylum where the doctor is madder than the inmates. The contrast of Peer's return home after this crescendo of farce, irony, surprise and horror, is even more striking : he stands, an old man, on the fringes of a village crowd, listening to the last words spoken by a priest over a humble man who was respected by his neighbours—one of the longest speeches ever written for the stage and one of the most moving. Only a playwright with the terrific imaginative power which Ibsen possessed at the time when he wrote *Peer Gynt* could have flung these contrasts into a single whole. Thanks to the admirable translation by Mr. Ellis Roberts and to the superb energy and sensitiveness of Mr. William Devlin as Peer, the present production at Sadler's Wells achieves a unity, a simplicity even, which nearly all English performances have lacked. The producer and all the actors have realised that *Peer Gynt* is not a problem play but magnificent poetry. It is an experience which no one should miss : we don't often get a chance of seeing Ibsen's masterpiece ! Mr. Cass's production proves again that this is one of the most " actable " plays of the modern theatre as well as the greatest.

"Ah, Wilderness !" at the Westminster

With the possible exception of *Anna Christie*, *Ah, Wilderness !* is Eugene O'Neill's best play since *The Emperor Jones*. His realistic plays rarely go beyond extremely competent and sympathetic observation. In other plays, such as *Strange Interlude* and *Mourning Becomes Electra*, in which his characters are deliberately treated more or less symbolically, they seem natural inhabitants of this limited, if often true, world of Dr. Freud, but not of that wider and more varied and complicated earth which most of us inhabit. But the people in *Ah, Wilderness !* are observed with so humorous, delicate and loving an imaginative sympathy that they are not only very natural and amusing small-town Americans, aided and hindered in their lives by the conventions of the year 1906, but symbols of young love and of domestic affection, as well as of the anguish and humours of family life. That they do not quite attain this at the Longford Productions' version at the Westminster Theatre is partly because these actors from the Dublin Gate Theatre lack the exquisitely right pace and timing given by American actors in such plays as *The Three-Cornered Moon* and *Three Men on a Horse*, but more because their acting, though always sincere and competent, too rarely rises to a poetic level. This is particularly true of Cyril Cusack as Richard, the seventeen-year-old son who tries to bolster up his timidity and lack of knowledge by wild generalisation about life. But the whole company rise to real comic heights at the " shore dinner " where Uncle Sid, beautifully played by Edward Laxy, jolly, kind, worldly and drunken, returns " soused " from the Fourth of July picnic—one of the funniest scenes in modern domestic comedy. Fred Johnson who " though a

newspaper owner, couldn't get out of reading a book sometimes" gave a moving picture of a sensible and kindly father. His acting, as he tries to explain with a vocabulary of 100 words, the "facts of life" to Richard was worthy of Mr. O'Neill's touching and amusing dialogue. Miss Sheila May and Master West-Payne were admirably convincing flapper and small boy.

"The Ghost That Never Returns," at the Forum
"The Student of Prague," at Studio One

Both these films first saw the light of the screen in the days of silence: the Forum has revived a picture that can be classed among the six greatest masterpieces of the Russian cinema; *The Student of Prague*, at Studio One, is a "re-make," with sound, of what was probably the finest fantasy produced in Germany under UFA. Both are well worth seeing. The direction of Alexander Room's morality play is primarily poetic and pictorial: the human values of his story are contrasted in broad propagandist swatches of darkness and light that are as definite as the shadows and the sun-glare of the South American scene his camera depicts. The crudity of his dramatic effects, simplified rather than strengthened by dogma, we are ready to accept as an aid to the deliberately "beautiful" photography of a fine story—that of a convict who in exchange for ten long years in prison is allowed by the authorities one precious day of liberty. Shadowed by a beefy secret-service agent in a panama (a benignly brutal creature, fond of wild flowers and good food), the prisoner is never intended to return. . . . And he does not. The policeman, admirably characterised as the blunt tool of capitalist tyranny, displays the bourgeois virtues of affability and discipline; sweating and bovine in patient pursuit, when outnumbered by revolutionaries he promptly pulls a gun and gets knocked on the head with a billiard cue. There is an exciting and sensible surrealist quality about this film, which, like *The Student of Prague*, is, as it were, punctuated by small visible objects placed in dramatic focus so that they catch the eye and form a remembered motif: cramped cells and prison hoses, long-shots of empty desert sands; the policeman's bull-neck, the flowers he picks; a boy's boxing gloves, the fatal billiard cue. . . . And if the new Student of Prague of Herr Wohlbrück reminds one more of Robert Donat than of Conrad Veidt, if much of the original brilliance has faded from this fantasy of a haunting, bartered soul which ends in the suicide of the soul's husk, there is still the visual echo of bright particles—the fragments of a shattered mirror, the flashing foils of youth, the sparkling riches of the black magician's gift—to hold the story to a single thread.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 8th—
Stop War in Abyssinia and Prevent War in Western Europe. Speeches by Lord Lytton, Major Attlee and others, Albert Hall, 8.
"The Knight of the Burning Pestle," Tavistock Little Theatre.

SATURDAY, May 9th—
Demonstration showing the practice and application of Euchorics, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, May 10th—
Sir George Paish on "The World Situation: The Way Out," Conway Hall, 11.
Left Theatre Conference (2.30) and performance of "Stay Down Miner" (5.15 and 8.15), Westminster Theatre. (Tickets obtainable at 6, Meard St., W.1.)
Anthony Blunt on "Is Art Propaganda?" Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, May 11th—
Films made between 1914 and 1924, Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.

TUESDAY, May 12th—
Max Plowman on "The Faith Called Pacifism," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
"Bitter Harvest," St. Martin's Theatre.
"The Poisoned Kiss," Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Till May 16th.

WEDNESDAY, May 13th—
Prof. R. G. Stapledon on "The Case for Land Improvement and Reclamation," Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, 8. (Tickets obtainable from the Secretary).
"Aren't Men Beasts?" Strand Theatre.

THURSDAY, May 14th—
Union of Modern Free Churchmen. Alexander Wood on "The New Physics and its Implications," Library, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 2.45.
Dr. Ruth V. Schultze-Gävernitz on "Abyssinia and Civilisation," Friends House, Euston Rd., 5.

So different....
ε most remote from the World of Everyday

Surely Cornwall is unique amongst our English counties! its scenery, just as much as its people, firmly refuses to conform to type. And therein lies the Duchy's charm for you who truly seek "a complete change."

The rugged grandeur of its scenery; its sands; its translucent sea; its folk-lore; its people; its historical associations; its wonderful climate—impossible to sum its glories in so few words. To learn the true meaning of holiday . . . . come this year to CORNWALL!

BEFORE YOU GO
Obtain these two books:—
"THE CORNISH RIVIERA" by S. P. B. Mais, price 1/- (2/6 bound)
"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1936, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE
"Monthly Return" Tickets (1d. a mile 3rd, 1½d. a mile 1st class) issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE
Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of the Duchy.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station, or the usual Tourist Agencies.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I REMEMBER as a child reading of some occasion when a bookmaker was torn to pieces by an angry crowd and when other bookmakers were taken into custody by the police, and though I believed that a bookmaker was the same thing as a publisher, I was not very much surprised. From what I had heard drop from my father's lips about publishers, they probably deserved all they got. To be sure I could not imagine my father's extremely respectable employers, Mr. Gerald Duckworth and Mr. Milsted, in any such predicament, but I had always been told that they were exceptions to the general rule. The distinction between betting on horses and publishing books was afterwards explained, but, owing to my first mistake, the two trades still remain associated in my mind. I know that really they are unconnected, yet I still unconsciously tend to couple them together and to think of each trade in the terms of the other. In one particular branch, however, I have come to realise a very great distinction. The reviewer and the racing tipster, though they both make a pretence of using exceptional gifts to fulfil the same function, now serve opposite ends. The tipster pretends to tell you which is the best horse and which will win; the reviewer gets his reputation for intelligence and brilliance by pointing out the incurable defects of the gee-gees that *also ran*. We all like to make merry at the expense of some booby who has written a bad book. There is no simple pleasure to be got from being told a book is good and that one ought to read it. And to be told that an author is very good indeed, that one would do well to read all his books, is a very serious matter. Before even listening to such advice the reader seeks for a way out. He purses up his lips, shakes his head and taps his forehead and says to himself: "This Johnny is always talking about masterpieces and works of art. Rather unbalanced, poor fellow. He has no judgment at all."

* * *

A House of Women, by H. E. Bates (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*), is the best novel that he has so far written; indeed it is the first of his novels which I should rank as a finished work of art above the best of his short stories. This means that it is very good indeed: a novel of the very front rank which one will be sure to re-read in ten and again perhaps in twenty years' time. Bates is a prolific writer who writes easily; sometimes too easily; and many of his sketches, like many of Tchehov's, are quite trivial. He has also an astonishingly sensitive ear for the style of other men. In his best stories, an echo of Turgenev, Tchehov, Tolstoy, Stephen Crane, or even of Waley's *Translations from the Chinese*, has frequently sounded, as though a ghostly presence had passed like a breath of wind, ruffling the midland cornfields and the waters of the Nene. The effect is as though you had asked at the dairy door for a glass of milk warm from the cow, and the farmer's daughter had suddenly revealed by a stray word that she had just been reading *Kubla Khan*. It gives one a thrill of shared pleasure and of intimate understanding. Such sensibility to the work of others is a distinguishing mark of the true artist in his youth. Every great painter, or great poet, reveals I think in his early work the influence, not of a formulated tradition, but of the ever-sounding voices of the dead painters and poets who first showed him the:

> bow or brooch or braid or brace, lace latch or catch or key to keep
> Back beauty, keep it, beauty, beauty, beauty . . . from vanishing
> away.

The secret which, if we do not believe in a miraculous *Golden Echo*, belongs only to poets and artists.

An intense feeling for natural beauty, for every blade of grass and every sound in the dew-soaked May morning, for the enchanted dreams of childhood was the feature of Bates's early work. It was saturated with impressions, and the reader sometimes felt as though he were looking at things through a quivering mirage: there was a difficulty about keeping them in focus. This fault (together with many others) showed itself in Bates's first book, *The Two Sisters*, and it persisted in that vastly better novel, *Catharine Foster*, and in stories like *The Woman Who Had Imagination*, though there is perfect solidity about the whole setting of that story. In *Charlotte's Row*, Bates showed a harder, more realistic side. He was writing not of the emotions of youth, but of his home town without softening or idealising anything. But just because of that he was ill at ease with his subject, he longed to get away from his characters as he himself had always longed to get out of the streets into woods and cornfields that hang over the valley of bootmakers. In *The Mill* (a story in the best volume of his stories *Cut and Come Again*) every trace of hampering adolescent hyper-sensibility had vanished. The story is clear, peculiarly grim and horrible, but without a single touch of exaggeration, or of love of the horrible. It is one of the great short stories in English. The same grimness, the same perfectly clear focusing and the same absence of exaggeration mark *A House of Women*.

* * *

The setting of the novel has a good deal in common with *The Fallow Land* and *The Poacher*, but in clarity and grimness it is more like *The Mill*. Fine as those novels were, the advance here is enormous. What I think has happened is this. Most novelists write partly from memory and partly from imagination, and Bates is a writer whose memory is particularly richly stocked with impressions of childhood. In his earlier novels he has taken remembered characters and woven them into a story full of new situations. But they were always liable to reveal the fact of their transplantation; at certain moments even they somehow "slipped" and unity was destroyed. Something of this kind I remember happened in *The Poacher*. There was a sort of timelessness, a feeling that however long the characters lived they never changed the year in which they were living, or the superficial habits of their lives, which was because all the characters were taken from Bates's memories of real people when he was a boy. In *A House of Women*, Bates probably started with his memories also, but the characters have come alive in a quite different way. Instead of being inserted into the story, their development rules the book, and makes it what it is.

* * *

Rosie Perkins, the daughter of a scoundrelly old publican, takes charge of the book just as she takes charge of the farm after she has married Tom and as she runs it while he is away at the war and after he returns a cripple. The jealousy of Tom's family is told at the start:

> Frankie rubbed his hand backwards and forwards, feeling the young moustache. It was growing nicely; the fine young hairs prickly as the new thorns on a raspberry cane. Tom had a good strong moustache, light brown, thickening. And looking from the sky to Tom, Frankie could see Tom caressing his moustache too, and a little flicker of jealousy went through him . . . when there were neither binders nor crops of barley nor anything else beyond their own world for them to envy, they were jealous of and among themselves, Frankie jealous of Tom's moustache, the girls jealous of each other, the mother jealous for each of them in turn against the other.

Rosie gets the full force of it, and no wonder: she has a magnificent figure, an illegitimate child and she says "blimey" every time she opens her mouth. Tom's sisters and aged mother, growing childish, watch her every movement with the eternal, implacable hate of three starved cats watching a robust bull-terrier licking its chops. And she triumphs over them and survives them all. Even Tom can't kill her, though he comes too near doing it for the reader's comfort. Incidentally a great part of the book is written in the exact language of the characters. *A House of Women* is a novel with the power and the solidity of writing of D. H. Lawrence at his best. In spite of these merits I venture to tip it as a winner.

DAVID GARNETT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, MAY, 9, 1936

SPRING BOOKS

A HOUSE OF WOMEN a novel by H. E. BATES author of 'The Poacher,' 'Cut and Come Again,' of whom Richard Church says 'He stands alone to-day, an artist unaffected by his social environment of change and disorder.' 7s. 6d. net

FLOWERING JUDAS KATHERINE ANNE PORTER first short stories 'which immediately place Katherine Anne Porter in the front rank of American writers.' THE DAILY TELEGRAPH 7s. 6d. net

POEMS by the author of 'Critique of Poetry' MICHAEL ROBERTS

Now Ready in the New Play Series

Exiles by JAMES JOYCE 3s. 6d. net

Israel Set Free five one-act plays by H. F. RUBINSTEIN 5s. net

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA

Ernest Hemingway

'THE power of a sheer gift of writing was never better exemplified than in this book. Here Mr. Hemingway has in his magic way rendered the big-game country of East Africa freely accessible to all the world. He has also made comprehensible and vivid the magnetic delights of the hunter' JULIAN HUXLEY in the BOOK SOCIETY NEWS 8s. 6d. net

MRS. THRALE OF STREATHAM

C. E. Vulliamy

'IF Mrs. Thrale of Streatham was as fascinating to Doctor Johnson as she is to the reader of Mr. Vulliamy's book, it is easy to understand why such a woman should have stamped her baroque personality so ineradicably on her own age and on the ages to come' PAMELA HANSFORD-JOHNSON in the LIVERPOOL DAILY POST 12s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE

E. M. FORSTER'S

Abinger Harvest

Demy 8vo. 360 pages. **12/6** *net*

"On every page we are in contact with a man alive to the finger-tips, sensitive to everything that is happening about him, wise in comment, stimulating and ironic . . . . a long, splendid book." —*Evening Standard.*

"It is indeed the harvest of grace and wit and scholarship."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"The book I've most enjoyed reading this holiday."—Critic, *New Statesman & Nation.*

EDWARD Maddox St., ARNOLD London, W.1

STARLIGHT

by H. Mortimer Batten

This is the story of the orphaned timber wolf Starlight in the frozen lands of the north—the land of tamarack spires and aurora. No wolf cub since 'White Fang' has padded his way so adventurously, strongly, dauntlessly to a gaunt, grey, wolf-hood. It is hard to imagine a story wider in its appeal or more subtle in its fascination.

5/-

W. & R. CHAMBERS
38 Soho Sq., London, W.1, & Edinburgh

Bookselling

Write to us if there is anything you want to know about BOOKS — authors, titles, subjects, prices new or second-hand, in or out-of-print.

By the aid of specialists in each department we claim to have covered satisfactorily the whole field of literature.

We have just issued a remarkably interesting **Catalogue of Books in New Condition** now available at greatly reduced prices—please ask for Catalogue 480.

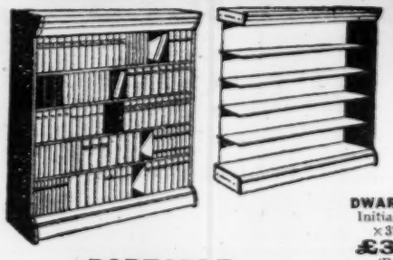
Catalogues free on request.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD.
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

HEFFER

LIBRACO MASTERCRAFT PORTABLE SHELVING

is just what is needed for the Growing Library

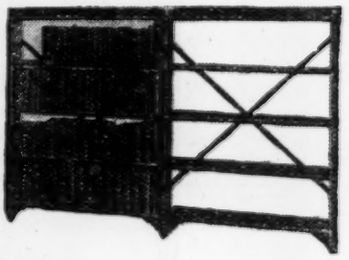


DWARF HEIGHT Initial Bay, 4' 6" × 3' 2½" × 8" **£3.3.0** (Back 8/-)
FULL HEIGHT Initial Bay, 7' 6" × 3' 2½" × 8" **£4.0.0** (Back 15/-)
Also in Oak. Carr. Paid Gt. Britain.

PORTABLE ADJUSTABLE EXTENSIBLE

DWARF OAK BOOKCASES

Initial Bay 3' 9" × 2' 9" **35/-**
Two Bays, 3' 9" × 5' 5" **67/-**
Also in Mahogany.
Carr. Paid Gt. Britain.



Send NOW for free copy of illustrated Catalogue

LIBRACO LTD. 62, CANNON ST., LONDON, E.C.4
Please send post free copy of List No. 31.
NAME
ADDRESS

STATISTICAL ABSTRACT

The new edition of the Statistical Abstract of the United Kingdom provides in over 400 closely printed pages a wealth of statistics relating to all aspects of the national, social and economic life of the country for each of the 15 years 1913 and 1921 to 1934. It furnishes, therefore, the materials for a remarkably detailed view of the development of the country in the post-war era. Cmd. 5144. 6s. 6d. (7s.).

PRISONS

Interesting developments in the treatment of crime in England and Wales are referred to generally in the current Report of the Prisons Commissioners and the Directors of Convict Prisons for the year 1934. Statistical tables are included. Cmd. 5153. 2s. (2s. 2d.).

INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND

The Report of the Ministry of Labour for the year 1935 provides a brief review of the national market for industrial labour. Chapters are included on employment and unemployment, provision of training, instruction and welfare schemes, unemployment insurance and assistance. Cmd. 5145. 2s. 6d. (2s. 8d.).

BRITISH UNIVERSITIES

The Report of the University Grants Committee for the period 1929–1930 to 1934–1935 is a volume of exceptional interest in view of the broad survey which it presents, not only of the development of University education during this period, but of the needs and problems which the Universities are facing now and in the immediate future. 4s. (4s. 3d.).

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Correspondence showing the course of diplomatic discussions directed towards securing a European settlement between June, 1934, and March, 1936, have been published as Cmd. 5143. 1s. 6d. (1s. 8d.).

INCOME TAX LAW

A Committee has been working on the codification of Income Tax Law since 1927. Its Report provides a very full survey of the present Income Tax Law together with a comprehensive scheme for its restatement. This exhaustive examination of the whole field of Income Tax Law by a body of experts of the highest standing deserves the attention of everyone concerned with Income Tax, especially those acting in an advisory capacity, as counsel, solicitor or accountant. Report, Volume 1, Cmd. 5131. 8s. (8s. 6d.). Volume 2, Draft of an Income Tax Bill. 4s. 6d. (4s. 10d.).

BROADCASTING

The Report of the ("Ullswater") Committee reviews the conditions of broadcasting generally and makes recommendations relating to the renewal of the Charter of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Cmd. 5091. 1s. 3d. (1s. 5d.).

AIRCRAFT

The Science Museum has issued a second revised and enlarged edition of its handbook describing its collections illustrating the propulsion of aircraft. This well-illustrated volume will be welcomed by all interested in the mechanics of flight. 2s. (2s. 2d.).

All prices are net. Those in brackets include postage.

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE

LONDON: Adastral House, Kingsway, W.C.2.
EDINBURGH, 2: 120, George St., CARDIFF: 1, St. Andrew's Cres.
MANCHESTER: York Street. BELFAST: 80, Chichester Street.
Or through any bookseller.

Williams & Norgate

The Making of Modern Iraq

By HENRY A. FOSTER

A carefully documented record of Iraq's progress towards nationhood.

Illustrations and Maps *15/- net*

A History of American Foreign Relations

By LOUIS M. SEARS, Ph.D.

Professor Sears holds the view that in the world of to-day America is as much a part as Europe. Hence the significance of this book for English readers.

15/- net

Four Miss Pinkertons

By RACHEL K. DAVIS

The author's experiences of four Girl-Schools and their Head Mistresses—two in England, one in France and one in Germany.

7/6 net

The Belly Book

or Diner's Guide

By C. LOUIS LEIPOLDT, F.R.C.S.

Based on the author's *Commonsense Dietetics*, now long out of print, its chapter headings include—"The Preparation of Food," "The Art of Dining," "Fasting and Overfeeding," "Diet Fads and Fallacies." *5/- net*

The Medical Dictator

and Other Biographical Studies

By MAJOR GREENWOOD, F.R.S., F.R.C.P.

Studies of Galen, Freind, Latham, Farr, Louis, Osler, and Bacot.

Illustrated *7/6 net*

The Scientist in Action

A Scientific Study of His Methods

By WILLIAM GEORGE, Ph.D.

Deals with the common similarities in the plans of action and the results of all kinds of scientific research, biological or non-biological, academic or industrial.

10/6 net

Great Russell Street

MACMILLAN

THE BABINGTON PLOT

by ALAN GORDON SMITH 12/6

In this account of the famous conspiracy of Queen Elizabeth's reign the author has gone over all the ground in minute detail, and has presented a survey which, it is suggested, must be regarded as definitive. It is an amazingly thorough and exhaustive piece of work, obviously the fruit of years of close study. It should be added that the author's brilliant style, and remarkable powers of artistic construction, make his book a delight to read.

THE FEAR OF THE DEAD IN PRIMITIVE RELIGION

by SIR JAMES G. FRAZER, O.M., F.R.S.

Volume III (Conclusion) 10/6

"With this third and most lengthy instalment Sir James Frazer has triumphantly completed his treatise on that aspect of the primitive cult of the dead which primarily exhibits the influence of fear. Nothing is wanting to the perfection of the workmanship; and both the thoroughness of the documentation, covering the most recent sources, and the lucid and musical style, polished to the last comma, reveal the skill and conscience of the pastmaster."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION

by EDWARD WESTERMARCK, Ph.D., Hon.LL.D. 12/6

"A scientist and philosopher who knows so much about marriage in the past should be able to speculate very usefully and entertainingly about its future. The expectant reader will not be disappointed by his present book. It is extremely interesting, because it discusses with great knowledge and considerable good sense so many aspects of marriage and so many sexual facts and problems related to it."—Leonard Woolf (*London Mercury*).

"This book, written by an outstanding specialist on such matters, is a worthy sequel to the other two, and deserves a place in every library, public or private."—*The Scotsman.*

LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE RULE OF LAW 1918-1935

by SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN 12/6

"As persuasive and stimulating and challenging as his other writings . . . it contains much information that is not to be obtained from other books and documents."—Professor C. K. Webster (*The Spectator*).

"At Professor Zimmern's call the dry bones of conferences and international agreements come to life and the gradual evolution of the League system becomes a fascinating study."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"One of the most interesting books yet published on the work of the League. . . . It is a striking narrative."—*Time and Tide.*

LETTERS FROM INDIA 1829-1832

Being a Selection from the Correspondence of Victor Jacquemont. Translated with an Introduction, by CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. With Illustrations and Maps 21/-

"These letters—which are finely translated and edited—must take their place in the small number of classics in the literature of interpretation of Indian conditions by European observers."—*The Times.*

"An excellently edited and translated selection . . . the letters make an admirable book which is worth reading both for pleasure of meeting Jacquemont and for his fascinating account of India."—*The Spectator.*

"No finer letters from India exist."—Keith Feiling (*The Observer*).

"Some of the pleasantest and most amusing letters that ever came from India."—*Manchester Guardian.*

(*All prices are net*)

MACMILLAN

CONTENTS

MAIN ROAD. By V. S. Pritchett . . . . . *Page* 711
REVIEWS :
The Heights of Haig. By Barrington Gates . . . 714
Race. By Aldous Huxley 716
God and Mammon. By Eileen Power 718
The Future of Music. By Edward Sackville West . . 720
Those Were the Days. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . 722
Vicarious Adventure. By Kenneth Bell 724
Roads to Happiness. By Paul Bloomfield 725
Royal Fun. By J. Vijaya-Tunga 726
The Short Biography. By K. John 727
Shorter Notice 727

MAIN ROAD

AT the close of a December evening when the roads are like slugs, oozy and gleaming in the cold, two workless and sodden men were shambling along, lost in the side lanes of now silent country. The hugging darkness had come down to the roots of the trees and the fields. The houses with their yellow dabs of oil light had scattered and thinned away. Blistered and squelching and gone past the cravings of hunger into a hunched, mechanic misery, the two men went on in a stupor. It was their third day on the road, and, no longer exchanging any words, cursing the lanes which had snared them into homeless, foodless darkness, they seemed to be groping round and round in a pit. Now, they would almost sooner have found a main road than a plate of beef.

Suddenly the old one who was ahead stopped dead and then broke into a weak, gasping hobble.

" 'Ere y'are," he called.

Without warning, after a sudden rise, the lane had finished. They were out of it. They stood—oh miracle of miracles !—upon a main road. They gazed upon it with awe, stupefied. Straight as a dull sword it carved the country in two, lightless, soundless, without signposts ; and with it the double rows of telegraph poles and the low chopped hedges went. And now the two men were appalled. Which way ? After the winding roads this great one seemed to strike them like a plank flat in the face. It jerked the knees in their sockets. It was as hard as iron to the weak bones.

On this third day the object of their journey had been driven from their minds altogether. They did not care if they never got to the town where the factory and the jobs were said to be, nor where they slept. They had eaten poorly on the first two days when the adventure was young, but on this day the singing had stopped and the whistling. The only sounds all day had been the dazed singing in their heads, the gritting of their teeth.

During the daytime, not work nor towns, but food had been their only thought. They ached and craved for it. Every step was for food, every glance sharpened the search for it, every sound was passed in judgment, every sight was questioned. The anarchy of hunger was in their bubbling bellies, which blew weakly out or cavernously sank.

Most of the time the younger one walked behind. Sometimes he had been only a few yards behind, sometimes the distance was twenty or thirty yards, once or twice it had been a quarter of a mile. He walked with belt tight and his hands in the sodden pockets of his overcoat, his straight shoulders perceptibly rounded over his chest. He was a man of thirty with spikes of grey about the ears, his eyes were steely, the skin of his face stretched over the set bitter bones. In his hunger he had begun to hate the man who was always in front.

He was a man near fifty, the older one, a man whose one-time florid corpulence had declined, like a leaking balloon, in two years of famine, to a bluish wobbling windiness. Dazed, vague, dreamy, his big arms lolling about loose and with a lost look in his eyes, he stumbled ahead. Even when their hunger had started to put out claws he had continued to make jokes. They were always the same kind of joke.

" Cows doin' nicely," was one of them.

" Show me a stew now an' I'd throw it back at you," was another.

First of all the younger man had begun hating him because he always got ahead. Then he hated his back and his figure and his ridiculous top-heavy way of walking on his toes. He hated him because, in the intolerable space and emptiness of the country and of the sky as grey as a dead man's hand clasping it, it was necessary to hate someone. He hated him for being so bloody cocksure and humorous. He hated him for hearing of the job, thinking of the journey, for drinking their money on the second day, for leading this dance over the lanes when hunger had made them wander off the main road, so they were going round in circles, no doubt, like men lost in a forest—the forest of the cravings of hunger where everything reminds you of only one thing—looking for houses where there was food. But most of all he grew to hate the older man because it was the older man who started begging. The young one had never begged, refused to beg, hung back if begging was on the cards. " The bloody old tramp ! " he chewed away. " I'd sooner sock a man in the jaw than beg."

" And," he would add when the old man came away from a back door where he had been refused, " he doesn't get anything when he does beg." Throughout the day the young one had looked at the baldish head of the older one as he bared it with an absurd touch of ceremony at kitchen doors, with intensified disgust. He hated him when he tried, he hated him when he failed, and, finally, even more he got to hate him when, discouraged and dazed, he passed houses without begging at all.

The older man was innocently unaware of all this. In the afternoon they had come among people who lived in scattered shacks and bungalows. There were small holdings and gardens of vegetables, with patches of glass frame, and everyone had a few chickens. They were small, careful people, with a little nervous independence—small builders, small shopkeepers, small coal merchants, small pensioners. They bent digging in their holdings and spoke arrogantly with fright when the big fellow went to a back door and asked for food. They had small, raging dogs. The two men walked closer together in these places. Lights were now lit, the yellow country lights, dabbed among the smeared blackness of the trees. The older man set the course. Instinctively he walked from light to light, stopping when he got to a lamp, wonderstruck because there was no food under it. Then on he went, lifting his feet high because of his blisters, the damp under his arms propping up his shoulders with spears of cold. Loosely his top teeth slid about on the lower ones ; dazed and dreamy he walked. Tinned salmon, cabbage, suet pudding and cheese, he dreamed. Fish and chips, ham and eggs, spaghetti. Grass and rubbish heaps, dogs and cats. Thrushes, sparrows, chickens and canaries. In imagination he was grazing off everything he saw.

" We had a goat when I was a boy," he said. " And when it got a bit past it my ol' dad killed and skinned it." He jogged on ruminating. " Show me a bit of goat and I'll throw it back in your face."

The other one didn't answer. Their breath was short. In a weak voice the big one continued :

" Seagull. I knew a man who ate a seagull. The French eat horse."

" Goose is another tough thing. Wild goose. When we was boys . . . "

" It's a bleedin' pity you're not a boy now," called the younger man.

" What ? " called back the old one over his shoulder, still walking.

And now the old fool was deaf. The young one strained himself to catch up. He gasped along with his mouth open. At last he got within a couple of yards of the old man.

" A bleedin' pity you're not a boy now," the young one shouted out in a rage. Having got it home, he dropped back yard by yard.

After this they had been silent. The old one wobbled along, deeply injured by the reproach ; no more he laughed, no more he begged.

Then, suddenly they had come upon the main road.

It was empty now. But when life came to this road it was not mean and made of little sounds, spade strokes, and footsteps as it had been in the lanes. Here, when life came, it was brilliant and roaring. Every few minutes fans of light would open slowly in the elms a mile ahead and then abruptly narrow and close ; a few seconds would pass and then the long beams of a car's head lights would leap out and paint the poles and hedges gaudily with light. Long shadows rushed back from the two men, and then new shorter shadows jumped out of them, until in a cascade of rushing brilliance the car roared by and they were left like men slapped in the face, awakened. Gliding more slowly towards them and sloping to the camber of the road came soft two-decker buses. Like meat in a shop window the passengers seemed, women with full baskets, dry men with food inside them and pipes in their mouths. The two men stood upon the grass verge exalted by the light.

Now they were on the main road, the younger one took the lead. He lifted his head and stepped out. This was what he wanted. After the rasp of the wheels on this road its silences were icy and momentous. The cars whined and expired like shells across an empty planet wilderness. There was no sound of people. There were no animals moving in the fields. An appalling inhuman vacancy opened in the road. The younger one understood this. But before they had gone a mile the old man was craving for the sight of a lane in which, broken at last but sheltered, he could crawl and hide from these blinding lights that seemed to go clean through his mind, from these silences of iron. He was paralysed. At the sight of the first signpost he hurried after his companion and got there with him.

" Lane," he said breathlessly, lifting an arm. The hedges were high, a friendly warmth seemed to come from them. The young one was startled into stopping. The last mile had been vehement. Lane must lead somewhere. House ? Light ?

The old one's eyes swung about helplessly, pleading. " Bloke," he said. He hadn't strength to say more.

The young one was compelled to listen. The sound of footsteps was distinctly heard. He, too, heard the footsteps distantly in the lane coming nearer. The two men listened, the only sounds were from their breathing and the steps. Suddenly, the old man stumbled off down the lane towards the steps. The young one gaped but did not move. A figure dimly appeared in the darkness. It was a man. It was a youth. It was a youth with a small playful ball of light from a torch dancing round his feet.

" God ! " exclaimed the young one, all the hatred of the day returning to his body, so that he clenched his fists. " The old fool's going to beg ! God, I'll . . . ." He raised his fists.

But in spite of this he found himself making a few steps after the old man. He saw the youth was coming out of the black silence with a small raffia bag in his hand. He saw the old man move nearer the youth. He saw the youth stop. The younger one sidled up slowly, but, still hanging aloof, with burning reluctance as he always did when the old one begged. He stood scowling, with tears of craving in his eyes, and a cold shiver of rage and shame sprang through him when he heard the old man's voice.

" No. I haven't." Distinctly he heard the youth's answer. The younger man's held breath went out and he unclenched his fists at the reply. He was beaten. He could have broken into tears ; but when he saw the youth step aside making a half circle round the big fellow, afraid to lift the torch to his face, but half-raising it instead to shine on his stomach and neck, a wild contempt, a rage before prey, flung itself into his blood. Impelled by his day-long hatred of the old man, he stepped forward, taking a cold breath. " I'll show you," he muttered. There was the smell of cows, the smell of chickens, the smell of a farm, where animals and birds had been feeding all day. " Leave the bastard alone," he rapped out loudly to the old man. He strode forward into the circle of light and stopped the youth.

" What's that ? " he said sharply, knocking the bag.

" Hyur . . . ," blustered the young man, but his opened mouth would not make any more words. He flashed the light helplessly about him.

" Been pinching ? " said the younger man.

The older man gaped but said nothing.

" Chicken," stammered the youth. " Mrs. Ross gave me a chicken."

" That's not a chicken," said the younger man.

The youth looked helplessly up and down the lane. He tried to skip away, but the older one woke up and stopped him.

" That's not a chicken." A sudden change had come over the older man. He copied the younger man's words. A feeling of intense new wakefulness was in both of them.

" Ah . . ." The youth tried to shout.

" Bleedin' thief," shouted the younger man. He trembled for a second and then suddenly let out a hard punch to the youth's wind and tripped him up. He went down flat in the mud.

Now there was no doubt about it. It was as if silently under all their talk and in all their silence they had been rehearsing this all day, working out every detail to perfection. They said nothing but sprang to it. The big fellow went down gay and hard on the gasping youth and sat on him. The younger one snatched up the bag and rummaged in the youth's coat pocket for a handkerchief. Money chinked. The youth feebly kicked. Without a word, the older man stuffed a bit of the handkerchief between the youth's teeth and tied it round his neck. A look of extraordinary pale, breathless gaiety rose in the older man's exhausted face ; a look of keenness and shrewd skill sprang up in the eyes of the other. Their breath came in helpless gasps.

" 'Ere y'are," they gasped together.

They lifted the youth up, giving a glance apiece up the lane.

" There's a bus coming," said the older one. They pitched the youth at the top of their strength through the hedge and into the ditch and ran for the bus.

Out of the lane and across the road they went. They were babbling, choking, half laughing. They waved their arms to signal to the large green bus softly swerving towards them.

They grabbed frantically at the rail.

" Just in time," grinned the older man to the conductor.

The conductor, noting the numbers of tickets, hardly smiled. The big one flopped into a seat on one side of the gangway. He had the bag on his knee. The younger one sat on the opposite side. They sat panting quietly. The passengers stared at them stupidly. The dry warmth of the bus entered into the bodies of the two men and the pounding of their hearts slackened. Their heads lolled weakly, luxuriously on their necks.

" Two to the finish," said the older man in a hoarse voice.

The younger one paid up. What was more, there was a shilling change. The older man glanced at the empty road behind and then settled comfortably down. With its warm soft roar the bus broke the dull air of the open country. What a change ! He winked at the younger one.

" Got a fag ? " he teased.

The shadow of the grin he had had when he was a much fatter and much craftier man came on his face. It made the passengers smile. Reassured, the older man felt the bag with his fingers. Cautiously he drew out the skewer and looked down. He signalled across the gangway like a schoolboy.

" Nt. Chkn. Fsnt. Fsnt," he was signalling with his lips. Not chicken, pheasant.

This made the passengers laugh. The grin on the older man's face became broader and deeper, feeding on his face. He loved the world. The light vans of tradesmen began to spin by, passing the speeding bus. There was light, speed, hilarity everywhere. A feeling of wild irresponsibility overcame the older man. Amid the laughter of the passengers, he pulled the pheasant's tail out of the bag.

The philosophers have only *interpreted* the world in different ways; the point, however, is to *change* it.—MARX.

FRANCE FACES THE FUTURE

Ralph **Fox, hot** from Paris, with a special chapter on the result of the Elections, tells the story of the Popular Front—why it exists, how it works, why its victory means that "the future can be met with joy." The forces that will struggle in the future are assessed in the light of the make-up of French Society. (2/6 net; late May.)

DIALECTICS:

The Logic of Marxism

Jackson's book is a further proof that Marxism can be exhilarating; the cut-and-thrust cheers and the dawning light of the meaning of the dialectic and its practical application as one reads is a thrill. A book that is selling well though it has not been widely reviewed; it is a book that will be a turning point for many people. (10/6 net.)

LENIN'S SELECTED WORKS

give the sober promise of Marxism; "after every 'defeat' the movement spreads, the struggle becomes more intense, more and more people are drawn into the fight, more classes and groups of people participate in it . . . . the proletariat is preparing for the struggle, it is unitedly and boldly marching to meet the storm, eager to plunge into the thick of the fray. 'Let the storm rage louder!'"—Sept., 1906. (Volumes I and II out, III (1905-07) and IV (1908-14) ready next week, 5/- net each.)

REVOLT ON THE CLYDE

tells of the struggle in another sphere—of the men and women who made *The Queen Mary*. The fight against "dilution" in the War, the 40-hour week strike are described from the inside. Here is the life of Glasgow by one of its sons, William Gallacher, M.P., and a bonny fighter. (10/6 net; May 27th.)

BRITAIN WITHOUT CAPITALISTS

Possibilities of Soviet Industry in Britain. A group of experts in their respective industries show what could be done, what will be done under Socialism. This is essentially a practical book. (8/6, June.)

LAWRENCE & WISHART

2, Parton St., London, W.C.1.

MAY DAY: A Novel. John Sommerfield (7/6). POEMS OF STRIFE. Julius Lipton; Introduction by C. Day Lewis (1/-). POEMS by R. P. HEWETT (5/-, June). STAY DOWN MINER. Montagu Slater. the book of the play (2/6). BRITAIN AND THE SOVIETS. Cheap edition (2/-). THEY FOLLOWED THE LEADER. Stuart Boyle (3/6). TOM MANN. Dona Torr (6d.).

Write for THE EYE. No. 6 will contain a complete survey of Spring Book Lists.

But the younger one ignored all this. Crouching in his seat, he sat alert in the bitter vividness of his vengeance and his pride. There goes the bloody butcher, the bloody baker, money streaming down the world in petrol. Food! He looked at the old man with contempt. What he wanted, his tortured hating soul cried out within him, was not food.

V. S. Pritchett

THE HEIGHTS OF HAIG

Haig. The Second Volume. By Duff Cooper. *Faber.* 25s.
French Replies to Haig. By Major the Hon. E. Gerald French. Foreword by David Lloyd George. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.
Memoirs of an Unconventional Soldier. By Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller. *Nicholson and Watson.* 21s.

This is an occasion on which the reviewer becomes a war correspondent. As I pick myself up from the mêlée of these books, wipe the mud from my eye and the smell of anger and opprobrium from my nostrils, I am minded to pronounce a plague on all their diaries; and particularly on the now famous (or, as you will, infamous) one of Haig, round which the war now furiously rages. To the realist, however, such a petulant outcry is futile. It is a remarkable fact that commanders in the field find time to write down copiously and methodically their unspoken and sometimes unspeakable opinions of men and events, in the sure and certain hope (biographers and literary strategists being numerous and eager) that the world will one day know exactly what they thought about things. It is well for history, as Mr. Lloyd George reminds us in one of these books, that this should be their habit. After the battle of men and guns we should rejoice in the ink and gas warfare of the diaries and their manipulators, for only after this can history, long after commanders and diarists and biographers have relinquished their several warfares, deliver her verdict. Such at least is the theory, and I have no intention of upsetting it by anticipating the verdict. After my recent experiences I know less than ever "the truth about the war." All I can do is to collect my stunned wits and report progress in this battle of the books.

The campaign for the Heights of Haig is a complicated one to describe in relation to the books in this list, which covers only part of the forces engaged. The Heights were attacked rather ineffectually some years ago by French in his book "1914." More recently they were stormed with great *élan* by Mr. Lloyd George in a succession of massive memoirs, and Mr. Duff Cooper then began to occupy them in two strongly defended positions based on Haig's diaries. From the first of these (*Haig*, published last year) he counter-attacks French; from the second (*Haig, Vol.* 2) he descends this week upon the Lloyd Georgian position. *French Replies to Haig* is a fierce and filial effort to repair the damage done to French's reputation by Mr. Duff Cooper's first defence of the Heights; and just before his second raid, General Fuller, in his *Memoirs of An Unconventional Soldier*, rumbles up on a tank in support of Mr. Lloyd George. Many other bodies of troops—the memoirs or biographies of Asquith, Esher, Wilson, Robertson and several French generals—are to be seen scattered about the field.

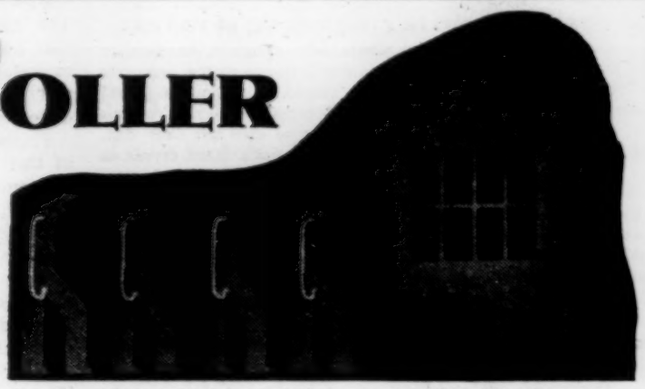
One can sympathise with Major French's book without applauding or being convinced. It is in effect a long, acrimonious and in many places redundant review of the first volume of *Haig* in so far as it touches on the relations between Haig and French during the latter's command, and the circumstances of French's deposition. Major French is furious that London should have been plastered with *Haig Speaks* because (a) it is disloyal of an officer to conceive and base of him to record criticisms of a chief who had befriended him, and (b) what Haig "spoke" was not true. No one denies that Haig thought French unfit to command the British Expeditionary Force, that he criticised him frequently in his diary and openly to Kitchener and Asquith after the failure to provide reserves at Loos. The point of military etiquette in high places when politicians are about is a touchy one. For Mr. Duff Cooper, Haig was the soul of straightforward honesty who loyally served his chief and complained only when it was in the vital interest of the forces to do so, and French was recalled because he had proved his unfitness for the command. Major French flatly denies the familiar criticisms of his father in the retreat of 1914 and at Loos. He says that Haig, with his eye on the command, plotted with the authorities at home to get French removed, and that French was removed not because of inefficiency but because he had deliberately cooked his goose with the Asquith Government by inspiring a press campaign to expose the shell shortage. Thus on each side of this controversy a soldier in high command has irregular dealings with the civilians; and if, as Major French says, Haig's diary does Haig no good, it is at least doubtful if his own indiscriminate and sometimes vulgar anger performs a greater service for his father.

Mr. Duff Cooper is a literary strategist after Haig's own heart. Having chosen the ground of his defence with great care, he occupies it with imperturbable tenacity and never allows himself to be ambushed by the wiles of his enemy. His second volume covers the last three years of the war, and Haig's subsequent work for the British Legion is skilfully used to complete one aspect of his portrait. That portrait is bold, clear, and quite consistent. I should say that it is almost unassailable on the evidence on which it is built. Its main lines, established in the first volume, are extended and filled in with great adroitness: nothing which supports them is omitted, nothing which blurs them is included. The Haig we see is a tongue-tied, slow, determined, tender-hearted selfless, religious man of superb courage and devotion. As a military strategist he has every good attribute save genius. He won the supreme command because he was the best man for the job; he would certainly have been supplanted had there been a better. He believed that the war would be a long one and that it could only be won by wearing out the Germans in the West. He fought the amateur strategists on this article of faith, and the Germans in its execution; he beat the amateurs and he won the war, which followed almost exactly the course he predicted. He was perhaps old fashioned in his attitude to cavalry, excessively loyal to his staff, over-sanguine at the beginning of a battle and slow to end it; but a man who is a bulldog must be allowed the traits of his breed. This bulldog, it is clear, would run uneasily in harness with a man who never attacks at the point of maximum concentration or wears out his opponent, but ties him in knots and takes him in the rear. Mr. Duff Cooper's account of the antagonism between Haig and Mr. Lloyd George is written of course with one end in view, but it is, within its limits, illuminating. He says that Mr. Lloyd George would neither trust Haig nor get rid of him; that he manoeuvred him into false positions and worried him by his dalliance with the "sideshows"; that when it came to the point he could not stand the "realities" of the only road to victory; and that Haig showed him, against his conviction, that the German army could be beaten.

Passchendaele is, I suppose, the crux of this grim story. If one can swallow Passchendaele without doubting its necessity one is Haig's man. Mr. Duff Cooper is unusually careful in preparing this part of his story. He argues the necessity of the Passchendaele offensive under three heads: (1) we had to get Zeebrugge and Ostend in order to save ourselves from the submarines, (2) we had to attack the Germans lest they should wipe up the French army, mutinous after Nivelle's failure, and (3) we had to strike before the collapse of Russia released Germans for the West. He makes the most of Haig's bad luck with the weather, minimises both the optimism which smothered the staff and the mud which smothered the troops, denies that Haig's generals were opposed to the operation and that he continued it much longer than was necessary, and omits on his map the contrast between the objectives we aimed at and those we gained. But here the smooth and persuasive surface of Mr. Duff Cooper's narrative broke under me. I looked up Passchendaele in the fourth volume of Mr. Lloyd George's *Memoirs*, which is also available to the Muse of History. I advise readers to do the same.

The knowledgeable reader will notice that Mr. Duff Cooper says remarkably little about tanks. This omission is mightily repaired by Gen. Fuller, who from 1916 onward worked out the revolution which this weapon was causing in strategy and tactics, and in recent years has been the foremost propagandist of the mechanised army. His book is polemics disguised as autobiography, and is very like a tank—loud, ugly, overbearing, irritating, but extremely able and up to a point convincing. He describes Haig's failure to realise that the tank could be anything but an auxiliary to the immutable bases of sound strategy: infantry and guns for preparation, cavalry for pursuit. He declares that G.H.Q. was a Grand Lamasery in its remoteness from the realities of the front line; its soundness was the rigidity of the closed mind; its personnel were nonentities. Of Haig he says: "I believe that he was a man of honour and integrity, and yet also I believe that he was a man so lacking in imagination that, in actual fact, he never saw the war; that is, as it really was. In place he saw the phantoms of past wars, and out of these spectral shadows emerged those

ERNST TOLLER



LETTERS FROM PRISON

'The work of a sensitive artist. The letters have passion and direct humanity, a quality of vivid horror, poignant, unsentimental. One is all the time aware that Toller is a poet.' NEW STATESMAN.

'Profoundly moving, beautiful, tragic, revealing. Rich in confessions, observations on life and literature, and portraits of humiliated and tortured fellow prisoners.' TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT. 12/6.

JOSEPH CONRAD

BY EDWARD CRANKSHAW

'The staple of the book is Mr. Crankshaw's skilful analysis of Conrad's essential strength and weakness as a creative artist. Mr. Crankshaw is an expositor of much subtlety and ingenuity, and his detailed analysis we welcome for much insight and truth.' LONDON MERCURY. 8/6.

NEW WRITING

EDITED BY JOHN LEHMANN

Ralph Bates — André Chamson
Stephen Spender — Nikolai Tikhonov
Christopher Isherwood — Ralph Fox
Anna Seghers — William Plomer
Egon Erwin Kisch — Boris Pasternak
Edward Upward — T. H. Wintringham
and others. 6/-.

KARL MARX

BY FRANZ MEHRING

'This volume contains more facts about Marx than any book which has been, or probably ever will be, written. Its translation into English will place every English-speaking student of Marx under an obligation.' SUNDAY TIMES.

'A history of the whole international working-class movement of the nineteenth century, traced with understanding and in great detail.' LONDON MERCURY. 15/-.

GENGHIS KHAN

BY RALPH FOX

'The best that has yet appeared. A most absorbing and remarkable biography.' RAYMOND MORTIMER.

'Mr. Fox reduces what seemed a distant Asiatic hurricane into a perfectly comprehensible narrative of causes and effects. He furnishes a very vivid and, in fact, unforgettable picture of this sadist with the cat's eyes.' HAROLD NICOLSON. 12/6.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

'This book, carrying the impress of absolute sincerity, is likely to accomplish a reversal of opinion comparable to that which Newman achieved by his "Apologia". He has revealed not only himself, but the way he has travelled, and it is one of the clearest indications we have had of the road India is about to travel. It is not an unfair book, not a bitter one. It is written with modesty and power, and expresses a character of outstanding nobility. Our country is about to pass through dark times. If India matters to us, then this book matters very greatly. We have just experienced a spate of autobiography but nothing so rich and varied as this. No more important book will come our way this year.' EDWARD THOMPSON IN THE OBSERVER.

the bodley head

mythological battles which to him were so real and consequently so necessary."

Nevertheless he argues that Haig rode to victory on the tank:

> It is indeed strange that this man, whose stubbornness in the offensive had all but ruined us at Ypres, whose stubbornness in the defensive had all but ruined us on the Somme, should, from August [1918] onwards, become the driving force of the Allied Armies. Yet this was so, and it must stand to his credit; for no man can deny that, during the last hundred days of the war, his spirit fitted events as a hand fits a glove. Yet to me it is strange still that these events were created not by him or by his ideas, but by the tank, and in no small part by my ideas. The machine which he could not understand, which he instinctively loathed and which he would gladly have abolished altogether, made him one of the outstanding figures of the war. . . . It would be incorrect to say that I made the tank, for I fashioned its tactics only; but it is strictly and historically correct to say that the tank made Lord Haig.

The passage is typical in its strength and weakness. General Fuller is that necessary but uncomfortable phenomenon, the clever man who, finding his analytical powers unequally pitted against the inertia of an ancient organisation bound by comfortable tradition and routine, is appalled by the lack of brains at the top and is yet unable to realise that something more than sheer logical planning is necessary to keep the whole working. When the formation of a certain Army committee was under discussion someone is reported to have said "We don't want more than one Fuller on it." Well, it is to be hoped that at the present time there are several Fullers "on it." It would be nice to know that our money is not being poured out in preparation for the last war but one.

Barrington Gates

RACE

Rasse, Geist und Seele. von Dr. phil. et med. Lothar Gottlieb Tirala. Munich. *T. F. Lehmanns Verlag.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

It is easy to laugh at Nazi books about the Nordic race. Indeed it is often impossible not to laugh; for they contain passages funnier than anything that has appeared in German since Wilhelm Busch wrote *Die fromme Helene*. It is easy, I repeat, to laugh. It is also easy to yawn. For, alas! all is not comedy in this voluminous literature. Much of it, on the contrary, is intolerably tedious. The ludicrous passages are like the longed-for raisins in a vast suet pudding of pseudo-philosophic "profundity." But, comic or dull, these Nazi books on race deserve to be taken most seriously and read with scrupulous care. They are probably the most dangerously significant books being written at the present time.

Professor Tirala's *Rasse, Geist und Seele* is a recent specimen of this literature. Compared with some which have appeared in recent years, the book is almost sober. The Professor expresses himself, if not exactly like a man of science, at least like a not too intemperate theologian. By not protesting too extravagantly much he increases the persuasiveness of what he says.

Here is the grand biological generalisation on which the whole argument of his book, and indeed the whole Nazi theory of race, is based. It is "a well-grounded view that it is highly probable that different human races originated independently of one another and that they evolved out of different species of ape-men. The so-called main races of mankind are not races, but species."

Unfortunately, these species have failed to keep themselves pure. But Nature, it would seem, always "makes an effort, after the mixing of two races, to revert to the dominant tendencies of each." She also does her best to eliminate all those individuals who lack racial unity. Hence "the strong tendency to suicide of Jewish-Aryan bastards." (One might have supposed that, in modern Germany, there were other, less mystical reasons for this idiosyncrasy.) "The purity of a people's race must not be sought only in the past; it is also a task for the future." It is the duty of a race-conscious government to get rid of the racial impurities existing among its subjects. How the process of race purification should be carried out is not described in any detail. Animal breeders know of only one way of purifying a mixed race (and Professor Tirala sadly admits that the Nordic race *is* mixed). Brothers and sisters must be mated. Those pairs possessing latent defects or traces of alien blood will tend to produce children of defective or alien type. Such children must either be killed or sterilised and only those who seem to belong to the pure stock allowed to propagate. If the Germans really want to become pure Nordics, they must systematically practise incest, infanticide and castration. In ten or twenty generations they should see some interesting results.

From the general and biological we pass to the particular and the sociological. Speaking of crime, Professor Tirala affirms that "seventy per cent. of all punished criminals are incapable of improvement." This is due to the fact that most criminals belong to non-Nordic stocks. "The more purely Teutonic (*reinrassiger germanisch*) a stock, the rarer the criminal." (It is regrettable that the author should give no definition of crime. Among peoples of *reinrassiger germanisch* descent, the murdering of political rivals and the systematic oppression of defenceless minorities are presumably non-criminal activities.)

From crime we pass to law. "Equal rights and equal views of the law exist just as little as do equal peoples and races." Law is defined as "the inborn rule of the ordered attitude of the members of a people (*Volksgenossen*) towards one another and towards their own State." "In this definition," writes Professor Tirala, "I have expressly avoided all thought of international law and legal relations with foreigners; for by derivation law is valid only among the members of a people. It is only later that the law of foreigners and of nations develops. Law has a high biological duty, a purpose which lies beyond the law itself; and this highest purpose is the strengthening of the people and of everything that will advance its life." The Professor concludes his discussion of law with these words: "We shall reject the law of international chaos and win again race-biological, deepened, German-Teutonic law (*das rassenbiologisch vertiefte deutsch-germanische Recht.*)"

In the section on science Professor Tirala speaks of the "remarkable attempt of Einstein and his Viennese Circle to destroy the clarity of Nordic thought by a surfeit of mathematics and to undermine the simple foundations of our thought . . . I need hardly say that this attempt will come to nothing; for not a single significant scientific discovery has come from this Circle." As Einstein's Viennese circle is composed of Jews, this is only natural. For "science is a mode of thought invented and built up by men of Nordic race."

We come next to philosophy. "Liberalistic thinkers" used to try to persuade us "that philosophy, ethics, religion and *Weltanschauung* were the product of universal reason. This is a great and decisive error; for it supposes that (1) all men are

FOR
READERS ONLY
by
J. Penn
With a frontispiece by LOW
10/6 net.
"'For Readers Only,' is one of those books that one finds only too rarely in these days of so much literary trash production. Mr. Penn has succeeded in creating a vivid panorama of many people who worked in the reading room of the British Museum. Here is a work created by a man who loves books, who understands books, and his enthusiasm is contagious . . . . . we owe him a deep debt of gratitude for the presentation of *this really fine book.*"
ISIS.
CHAPMAN & HALL

We shall publish:—

MAY

Anthony Weymouth

HARD LIVER

7/6 *net.*

A new Inspector Treadgold mystery by the author of *The Doctors are Doubtful.*

Charlotte Haldane

MUSIC, MY LOVE

7/6 *net.*

A book for all who, even if they don't like music, love wit; and even if they don't like musicians, love music.

Thorne Smith

RAIN IN THE DOORWAY

7/6 *net.*

Thorne Smith at his best—that is to say first-class fun.

JUNE

Mary Britnieva

A STRANGER IN YOUR MIDST

8/6 *net.*

By the author of *One Woman's Story.*

Noel Langley

THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND US

7/6 *net.*

A full length novel by the author of *Cage Me A Peacock.*

P. G. H. Fender

THE A.B.C. OF CRICKET

5/- *net.*

A fully illustrated book about cricket by a writer who needs no introduction to all lovers of the game.

Dudley Carew

SON OF GRIEF

7/6 *net.*

A real cricket novel by a real cricket writer about an unconventional hero.

Charlotte Haldane

MELUSINE

7/6 *net.*

A colourful and fascinating novel and a most convincing tale of magic.

Phil Stong

CAREER

7/6 *net.*

Phil Stong's best novel since *State Fair.*

and on May 25th at 5/- each

Robert Graves'

I, CLAUDIUS **CLAUDIUS THE GOD**

"A truly magnificent piece of work: that must be my verdict on Mr. Robert Graves' Claudian panorama."
RALPH STRAUS.

ARTHUR BARKER

equal in structure and in the constitution of their reason and (2) that *Weltanschauung* derives from understanding and reason." Whereas " the voice of blood and race operates down to the last refinements of thought and exercises a decisive influence on the direction of thought."

Professor Tirala's ethic, like that of all extreme nationalists and race-ists, is based on the axiom that the real is the ideal—that what ought to be is merely that which is, only a bit more so. Passions and prejudices notoriously prevent men from thinking clearly and acting justly. For the last two or three thousand years moralists and philosophers have told us that we ought to make efforts to overcome our passions and discount our prejudices. Modern nationalists are of an opposite opinion. The attempt to replace passion and prejudice by reason is absurd and even wicked; for each nation's passions and prejudices are in reality its own peculiar brand of reason. In this matter all nationalists are followers of Hegel, whose doctrine that the historical is the rational is (as Dr. Albert Schweitzer insisted in last year's Hibbert Lectures) completely subversive of any system of comprehensive or comprehensible ethics.

Dr. Goebbels is content to say that " a Jew for me is an object of physical disgust. . Christ cannot possibly have been a Jew. I do not have to prove that scientifically. It is a fact." Officially, however, the Nazi transvaluation of ethical and social values is supposed to rest on something solider than a visceral intuition. Science, it is alleged, demonstrates the primary importance of " blood " and can prove the superiority of the Nordic race. Indirectly, therefore, science justifies Nordic politicians in their persecution of Jews and affirms that Nordic philosophers are right to think with their guts rather than with their intellect. Nazism is a religion that purports to be based on scientifically established facts. This being so, it is the business of scientists to examine its claims. And in fact many individual scientists have undertaken such an examination. But individuals, however distinguished, can be ignored. Besides, the questions raised by Nazi claims are so numerous that no single man can adequately deal with all of them. The problem of race is as much a problem for historians and psychologists as for geneticists. Anything like a definite and authoritative solution of it must be co-operative. Also, to carry conviction, it should be official and international. The race theory claims to be scientific. It is surely, then, the business of science, as organised in the universities, academies and learned societies of the civilised world to investigate this claim.

Aldous Huxley

BORISWOOD
publications for this month

JOHANN RABENER'S new novel
Please don't smile
by the author of CONDEMNED TO LIVE

T. O. BEACHCROFT'S new stories
You must break out sometimes
by the author of A YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY

VARDIS FISHER'S new novel
We are betrayed
by the author of PASSIONS SPIN THE PLOT

The above titles are all priced 7s. 6d.

by ARCHIBALD MacLEISH
a play in verse 6s. **Panic**
already hailed by Charles Morgan

GOD AND MAMMON

Five Centuries of Religion. By G. G. Coulton. Volume III. Getting and Spending. *Cambridge University Press.* 35s.

Dr. Coulton's great study of mediaeval monasticism moves majestically along its way; or perhaps not so much majestically as like a Roman Triumph or a Lord Mayor's Show, with dignified figures and fine music at the head of the procession and after it a vast cavalcade of cars, each carrying a group of figures drawn from different climes and centuries, but having little unity among themselves, except such as is derived from the fact that all are proceeding in the same direction. What that direction is, however, it is not always easy for the spectator to determine. It is true that in his introduction and conclusion and at one or two other points in this book, as in the preceding volumes, Dr. Coulton declares what it is with all possible clearness. " Almost at every time and in every place the monk behaved better than the average outsider, but worse in comparison with his profession and his opportunities." " When we feel bound, in face of the facts, to emphasise the conformity of these other worldly folk to worldly ideas and practice, we are comparing them adversely only with their Rule and not with the society in which they lived and worked. Yet if we take the monk not only as he should have been in theory, but as he was in fact, we may see that he added even here to the sum of beneficent world-activities."

So far the direction of the procession seems clear enough. Monasticism is to be regarded on the whole as a beneficent force; the monk is behaving better than the average outsider; finally (as the book concludes, with its author's usual happy gift for quotation), he is just an average decent person like ourselves:

> Un étranger vêtu de noir
> Qui me ressemble comme un frère.

But if this is the direction in which the procession is moving, then all that can be said is that some of the cars in the middle seem to have broken away. For the impression left by this, as by the preceding volumes, is one of definite condemnation, not only by the standard of a Rule pitched too high for human attainment, but also by the less exacting ideals of *l'homme moyen sensuel*. It may, of course, be argued that the condemnation is forced upon us by the facts, and it has been Dr. Coulton's great service to this generation that he has given us facts (and how much else of value, too!). But the difficulty is that, like all historical judgments, it is a question of perspective. It was common in the past to write the history of monasticism from the aspirations of the Rule and the Lives of the Saints; the resulting picture was a false one, because the perspective was lacking. Dr. Coulton is writing it from daily practice and the lives of ordinary (but are they, as he says, average?) monks; but to redress a balance is not always the same thing as to achieve a perspective. One still has the impression of something a little out of focus, nor can the necessary perspective be achieved by introducing from time to time a passage in which it is asserted, without any attempt of proof, that the monk behaved better than, or as well as, the average layman.

Au fond, of course, it is the old question as to whether it is better to fail in comparison with a high ideal than to succeed in comparison with a low one. Measured against the superhuman stature of the Lady Poverty, these monastic pigmies fail and the condemnation of monasticism is inherent in the title which Dr. Coulton gives to this volume, in which he studies the material basis of their existence; " getting and spending we lay waste our powers." This tale of land, and burial rights, masses for the dead, relics, appropriation of churches, monastic trade and all the rest, is an inevitable demonstration of the *impasse* in which monasticism always and inescapably found itself and which no one has expressed better than John Wesley: " I do not think how it is possible in the nature of things for any revival of religion to continue long. For religion must necessarily produce both Industry and Frugality. And these cannot but produce Riches. But as Riches increase, so will Pride, Anger and Love of the World in all its branches." The result of the dilemma thus stated has been amply demonstrated in Dr. Coulton's books, and the demonstration was needed. No other scholar in Europe

CAMBRIDGE

Of

LORD ACTON'S PLAN FOR A COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE CIVILISED WORLD

TWO STAGES

HAVE BEEN COMPLETED

& THE END IS IN SIGHT

CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY

Complete in 14 Volumes

General Editors: SIR A. W. WARD, SIR G. W. PROTHERO, SIR STANLEY LEATHES

Volumes I—XIII, each 25s. net. Volume XIV, Atlas, 40s. net

Cheap Edition: Vols. I—XIII, without Bibliographies, each 7s. 6d. net
The set, 90s. net

CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY

PLANNED BY J. B. BURY

Now Completed by Volume VIII

General Editors: C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON and Z. N. BROOKE

THE SET OF EIGHT VOLUMES, 16 gns. net

Vol. I.	The Christian Roman Empire and the Foundation of the Teutonic Kingdoms	35s. net
Vol. II.	The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundation of the Western Empire	35s. net
Vol. III.	Germany and the Western Empire	50s. net
Vol. IV.	The Eastern Roman Empire (717–1453)	50s. net
Vol. V.	Contest of Empire and Papacy	50s. net
Vol. VI.	Victory of the Papacy	50s. net
Vol. VII.	Decline of the Empire and Papacy	50s. net
Vol. VIII.	The Close of the Middle Ages	50s. net

A portfolio of illustrative maps is issued with each volume

125 CONTRIBUTORS from 19 COUNTRIES
86 MAPS, 7830 PAGES

CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY

Ten out of Twelve Volumes Published

General Editors: J. B. BURY, S. A. COOK, F. E. ADCOCK, M. P. CHARLESWORTH

Volumes I, II, III, IV, each 35s. net. Volume V, 21s. net
Volume VI, 30s. net. Vol. VII, 37s. 6d. net. Volume VIII, 35s. net
Volumes IX and X, each 37s. 6d. net. Volume XI, Ready in Autumn, 1936

VOLUMES OF PLATES prepared by C. T. SELTMAN
Volume I, 25s. net. Volume II, 9s. net. Volumes III and IV, each 12s. 6d. net

Send for prospectuses to: Cambridge University Press, Fetter Lane, E.C. 4

UNIVERSITY PRESS

could have brought to it such a wide range of learning and so much life and vigour in presentation. But there still remains the task of appraising monasticism as an element in the general civilisation of its time, of considering it (that is to say) not only in relation to its own rule but in relation to a contemporary society of getters and spenders. The final verdict on monasticism will have to combine both these criteria.

But these somewhat obvious reflections must not be taken as underrating the value and importance of Dr. Coulton's book. It is his peculiar virtue to provoke reflection. One cannot passively absorb information drawn from such a remarkable range of sources, written in such admirable English and interspersed with passages on life and on human nature which are the mature fruit of a singularly noble mind. One must, in mere response, think about the things which are spread so lavishly before one. This book is an extremely comprehensive study of the financial side of monastic life and of its social and economic implications. It will be of equal value to the student of economic affairs and to the ecclesiastical historian; nor will it disappoint that host of general readers who have come to understand that Dr. Coulton is never writing merely about the Middle Ages, but about ourselves and our twisted skein of sins and aspirations. To assert, as must once more be asserted, that the final judgment, the perfect perspective, has yet to be achieved, is not to belittle the value of Dr. Coulton's accomplishment.

EILEEN POWER

THE FUTURE OF MUSIC

Predicaments. By CECIL GRAY. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The musical landscape has changed regrettably little since Mr. Gray wrote his admirable *Survey of Contemporary Music*; what was prophecy then has now become fact. Yet his new book is no mere "I-told-you-so": the standpoint is the same, but distance of time has enabled Mr. Gray to take his theory one point farther and in doing so to take an optimistic view of the future of music. The standpoint is that music is the art best qualified to express romantic emotion, whether the form be loose or strict; but it is rather in the modern renascence of architecture that Mr. Gray sees hope for music. He takes the history of art to be a recurrent cycle, the stages of which are architecture, sculpture, painting, literature, music, architecture. According to this theory we may expect the wheel to be just starting again on a round which will end with a new age of music. One objection to this view is the doubtfulness of the present architectural renascence: ferro-concrete buildings, and the style of Le Corbusier in particular, are already beginning to look shabby and dismal in their pusillanimous avoidance of all ornament, while the only alternative seems to be pastiche, of the "tasteful" Georgian, or the otiose Tudor, variety. However that may be, there seems little immediate hope for music: we are stuck fast in the "tasteful" pastiche of Stravinsky, Hindemith and the French school, and the etiolated remnants of German romanticism. Mr. Gray's historical sketch makes us aware of this, as well as pointing out the error of those who seek, in the modern manner, to resuscitate music by nationalist recipes; his destructive criticism of Dr. Vaughan Williams' theories is entirely convincing, and he clinches the matter in the following sentence: "The truth is that once a composer is capable of expressing himself in one distinctively national idiom, he can do so equally well in any other." Artificiality, affectation, and boredom are the stages on that road.

Mr. T. S. Eliot desiderates a living tradition as the condition of a living literature; Mr. Gray takes the same view of music, and one can hardly doubt that he is right. Too much unsupported individualism leads to sterile mannerisms, to "living on capital," to "private" writing; one sees these results all over the world of art to-day. The great composers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries worked within the framework of a tradition; their followers—Strauss, Debussy, Bartók, Ravel—broke out of it. Yet I think Mr. Gray stresses too much the part played by over-emphasis on originality in this phase of musical history: the outgrowth of individual styles, towards the end of the nineteenth century, was very largely due to the vast extension of the musical vocabulary by Berlioz, Wagner and Liszt. It may be true that Gesualdo stands out of his period with "quite startling detachment," but the gulf between, say, Debussy and Strauss is far greater and is only to be explained by the greater variety of the material at their disposal.

The recall to order has been sounded some time ago—by Jean Cocteau, by Valéry, by Busoni—but the results of recruiting have not so far been impressive. Mr. Gray has disposed in a masterly manner of the pretensions of Stravinsky on the one side, and of the Atonalists on the other. The former is the Cherubini of his age, and few musicians now take seriously his dry exhibitions of technique. The Atonalists are more interesting (Schönberg is as accomplished a musician as Stravinsky), but it is in the highest degree unlikely that their experiments will lead anywhere, because "it is unquestionable that pure atonality is irreconcilable with the aesthetic and acoustic principles underlying all other musical art since the beginning of time." The humbug contained in the theory is shown by the lapses into tonality that occur whenever its practitioners want to put anything across (Schönberg in the theme of his orchestral *Variations* and in his latest opera, Berg in the last interlude of *Wozzeck*). Growth comes, not through leaping into the void, but by assimilation, digestion and re-creation—by what M. Valéry calls "economic development." The watchword for the present then should be Busoni's: *Entindividualisierung*—the "impersonalisation" of instrumental tone-qualities, of melodic writing, of harmony. Thus might a new tradition, a new classicism, arise. The goal is surely far out of sight, but the greatness of Busoni, as its prophet and theoretician, cannot be overestimated, and Mr. Gray earns the gratitude of all discerning musicians by the prominence which he has given to that name in his book. I only wish he had insisted more on the importance of Busoni's music, for I personally do not believe that his pupil, Van Dieren, who died the other day, and whom Mr. Gray considers of paramount importance, has enduring qualities as a composer. What needs to be shouted from the house-tops, until the public and our impresarios listen, is that Busoni's last opera, *Doktor Faust*, is not only the greatest work of music since the death of Wagner but the true prototype of that new classicism which Stravinsky has misunderstood and which Mr. Gray foresees as the musical style of the future. There are signs that music is coming into its own again in England, but I have no doubt that its progress would be quicker and more far-reaching if English composers were given the astounding and unique experience which a performance of that opera confers.

Mr. Gray is a polemical writer and the faults of his book are

BIRD LOVERS' MANUALS

HOW TO KNOW BRITISH BIRDS
By NORMAN H. JOY
300 *illustrations*, 90 *in colour*. 5/- *net*
"Of all the small books devoted to this object Dr. Joy's seems to me the best that I have seen."
LIVERPOOL POST
"The colour plates are excellently reproduced."
LITERARY REVIEW

BIRDS OF THE GREEN BELT
By R. M. LOCKLEY
50 *illustrations from drawings and photographs* 5/- *net*
"Altogether charming, fresh in manner, full of personal observation and illustrated very freely."
Sir William Beach-Thomas in the SPECTATOR

THE AGE OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY
By ERNEST A. BAKER, D.Litt.
Demy 8vo. 416 *pp.* 16/- *net*
Being the Seventh Volume of the
HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL

H. F. & G. WITHERBY LTD.

HAMISH HAMILTON

Labby

(The Life of Henry Labouchere)

by HESKETH PEARSON

"A faithful fascinating portrait of Labby as he was."—THE TIMES.

2nd impression. *10s. 6d. net*

Sanfelice

by VINCENT SHEEAN

author of *In Search of History*

"This is more than a magnificent historical novel. It is a work of consummate art."—*Daily Telegraph.*

2nd impression. *8s. 6d. net*

The Fortunes of

Harriette

(The Surprising Career of Harriette Wilson)

by ANGELA THIRKELL

"A brilliant reconstruction."
—JAMES LAVER (*Observer*).

"A witty and understanding book."
—THE TIMES.

Illustrated from Contemporary Prints.

10s. 6d. net

Inside Europe

by JOHN GUNTHER

20,000 Sold *12s. 6d. net*

848 pp. 8/6 net. *by JAMES T. FARRELL*

STUDS LONIGAN

A. J. CRONIN

"I am not going to search for superlatives. These belong to the books which must strain after any results that they achieve. *Studs Lonigan* strains after nothing. It is already there. It is the real thing. It is great."

ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P.

"Uncannily human stuff. It grips one's mind, it is so alive."

PHYLLIS BENTLEY (*Yorkshire Post*):

"An immense and detailed picture of one stratum of modern American civilisation: the Chicago underworld.

"I count this massive work an impressive, sociological study; a 'document' of the first importance to the social historian."

Paul

BLOOMFIELD

HALF THE BATTLE: Harrow, Oxford, London **7/6**

Time and Tide: "At once the history and the exposition of a point of view. . . . . It clears the head muddled with habit, haste and worry, as coolly and profoundly as strong peppermints . . . . . Lucid, fascinating, and nakedly sincere."

George **5/-**

BUCHANAN

WORDS FOR TO-NIGHT: a Journal

SYLVIA LYND (*News Chronicle*): "A record of the mind's adventures rather than of the body, which I find delightfully stimulating.

"Whatever Mr. Buchanan writes is interesting, because it has originality—both of thought and of the carefully controlled mood. Incidentally, he is shrewd and clever."

Harold Ford

ROSSETTI

THE DARKLING PLAIN **7/6**

A. G. MACDONELL (*Observer*): "Mr. Rossetti's language is straightforward and staccato and hard . . . . there is neither philosophy nor sentimentality.

"The characters are all vigorous and real. A first novel of merit."

Constable

characteristic. He has a tendency to labour his points; to be too sweeping (Surréalisme and Expressionism cannot exactly be described as attempts to encroach on musical ground); to over-emphasise, in order to make his points. This last fault leads him grossly to underestimate the achievement of Debussy, and to describe the Prize Song in *Die Meistersinger* as "one of the worst tunes ever written." But these blemishes are few and far between; in general the book is thoughtful and stimulating in the highest degree, and it reposes on a solid basis of scholarship.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

The Other Day. By DOROTHY WHIPPLE. *Joseph.* 8s. 6d.
Houses as Friends. By DOROTHY PYM. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.
The Memoirs of a Cosmopolitan. By HEINRICH FELBERMANN. *Chapman and Hall.* 15s.
The Autobiography of an Old Drifter. By PERCY M. CLARK. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.
The Adventures of a Gadabout. By GEORGE W. HOUGHTON. *Selwyn and Blount.* 10s. 6d.
Tanganyika Memories. By GILCHRIST ALEXANDER. *Blackie.* 10s. 6d.
Memorials of the Military Life. By T. W. METCALFE. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

Autobiographies now stream from the presses in such profusion that they have to be herded together for review just as though they were so much fiction. Sometimes indeed the two genres approach each other more nearly than they are supposed to: much of our amateur fiction is autobiography which hardly troubles to wear the veil that decency demands, and heaven knows what proportion of fiction wanders into the autobiographies. I suspect Dr. Felbermann of diluting the mixture to taste, whereas the honesty of Miss Whipple's childhood memories stares the least perceptive reader in the face.

Her book, the flawless reconstruction of a child's experiences in a middle-class Lancashire family, is easily the most distinguished in my bunch. Miss Whipple never tells stories that are quaint but pointless; never becomes the moralising adult; never describes anything without making us see it through the eyes of a sensitive child. She has something of the power of selection and phrase that distinguished Lord Berners' *First Childhood*, though not his ruthlessly intelligent glee in the discomfiture of his elders. But then some of his stories were too beautiful to be true, whereas we always believe Miss Whipple. The behaviour of her parents was like that of all other parents, but we enjoy being reminded of their incomprehensible ways:

> I wanted nothing in the world but to get home and play with my tea-set. "You can take your tea-set with you," said my mother. "And don't be naughty, or I shall be cross. See, here's Mrs. Crabtree!"
>
> Grown-up people have this foolish habit of offering distractions that are no distractions at all. I was not in the least distracted or consoled by the sight of Mrs. Crabtree.

And there is a horrible veracity in the portrait of a sarcastic mathematics mistress:

> "I'm afraid," continued Miss Paton, "that she hasn't got much to think with. We others, we normal people, have important grey matter in our heads, living matter wrinkled with thought and effort, but she probably has wool. Nice white wool which she gathers daily and stuffs in. . . ."

The Other Day is a delightful book which would have been quite perfect but for a twinge of Beverley Nichols at the very end ("But in the garden one snowdrop is out, praying under the veronica bush.")

Miss Dorothy Pym, however, can almost be classed as School of Beverley Nichols, by which I mean that her account of five houses in which she has lived has much of Mr. Nichols' gush, without any of his humour. The idea of the book seemed a good one, but far the best part is not really about a house at all but about Madame Friedmann, the owner of a Versailles *pension*—a character sketch of considerable subtlety. I was delighted to learn that Miss Pym once lived in the charming little Thackeray house in Young Street, Kensington, and that a medlar grows in its garden. But the charm of the place is hardly suggested by her talks with an enthusiastic American ("I wonder how much you, yourself, have given to the house, and whether all I feel to-night is not as much due to you as anybody. I feel your presence here so much. . . . What was it like when you came here?" "Hideous.")

It is a relief to escape into the outrageous company of Dr. Felbermann, the Hungarian Jew of generous impulse but no particular scruple who made his name as the promoter of an almost non-existent school of languages in Paris in the 'seventies called "The Tower of Babel." He knew everyone, Victor Hugo took him by the arm, he collaborated with Judith Gautier, edited *The Examiner*, *Life* and (oddest achievement of all) *The United Services Gazette*, and hoaxed the entire city of Aix-les-Bains on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit; ten years ago he died a rich, handsome and respected old man. We cannot but applaud so fascinating a figure, certain that we should have been hoaxed ourselves had we met him, and hoping that his best stories are as true as they are splendid. That lunch of Augusta Holmès, for instance, at which "an unpleasant surprise awaited me. The guest of honour whom I had been specially invited to meet was the very man I would have walked miles out of my way to avoid. It was Richard Wagner."

Mr. Percy Clark, who keeps a sort of curiosity shop beside the Victoria Falls, is a much nicer but less alluring figure. Both books have their authors' portraits as frontispieces, and no contrast could be more complete: the old Jew, mysterious, wise and remote, like a Rembrandt drawing; and the old "Drifter," gaunt and reliable in topee and pince-nez, grimly smoking a pipe. His memories of early days in South Africa, divorced from the roar of the Falls which is their usual background, are not very exciting unless one has an indiscriminate passion for pioneer narrative.

Mr. Houghton is School of Eric Muspratt, but has more sense of humour than that rather solemn buccaneer. He intended to work his passage round the world, but at the Riviera he stuck, relishing such contrasts as lunch with Mr. Solly Joel on his yacht and tea with Sir Jesse Boot, followed by a night in a down-and-out doss house; and turning to good account his talent for caricature. The juiciest fish in his net were Frank Harris (an interesting glimpse) and Bernard Shaw who obligingly drew his own portrait in order to demonstrate what was wrong with Mr Houghton's. A cheerful book to turn over on a wet afternoon.

And so back to darkest Africa, where Mr. Gilchrist Alexander gives an account of his Acting Chief Justiceship in Tanganyika.

A Countryman's Anthology
SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS'
SQUIRREL'S GRANARY
Decorated by WALTER HODGES. 7/6 net
"Like a garden full of pleasant sights and sounds and smells."
—MORNING POST

WALKING IN
CORNWALL — J. R. A. HOCKIN
DORSET — JOAN BEGBIE
THE GRAMPIANS — Charles Plumb
THE NEW FOREST — Joan Begbie
*THE LAKE DISTRICT — H. H. Symonds
Each illustrated. 7/6 net. * Pocket Edition 6/-
ALEXANDER MACLEHOSE
58 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1

"This fine tale is told brilliantly and most modestly."—JOHN BUCHAN

THE PILOTS' BOOK OF EVEREST

by SQ./LDR. LORD CLYDESDALE, A.F.C., M.P.
and F/LT. D. F. McINTYRE

With a Preface by the
RT. HON. THE LORD TWEEDSMUIR, G.C.M.G.

For the first time the pilots' own story of the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition which conquered Everest from the air; a story denuded of technicalities and leavened with humour which will grip the imagination of the general reader.

Fully illustrated with over fifty photographs and maps

10/6 net

✦ ✦ ✦

Now Ready

THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE

by GOTTFRIED VON HABERLER

Member of the Financial Section and Economic Intelligence Service of the League of Nations.

Translated by F. C. BENHAM and A. STONIER

21/- net Royal 8vo. 408 pp.

✦ ✦ ✦

Ready Shortly

CRISES AND CYCLES

by WILHELM RÖPKE, Ph.D.,
Professor of Economics at University of Istanbul

Translated and revised by
VERA C. SMITH, B.Sc. (Econ.), Ph.D.

10/6 net

✦ ✦ ✦

ALICE IN POLICE COURT LAND

with

Some Legal Fictions and other diversions

A satire of the Courts by the author of "Narrow Waters."

2/- net

WILLIAM HODGE & CO. LTD.
86, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.1

NIGHT OVER THE EAST

7s. 6d. net.

has been excellently translated and adapted from the German by **Edwin and Willa Muir.**

"... an extraordinary piece of work. ..."
—*The Times.*

"an extraordinary book . . . the work of a violent, ruthless, mature, observant and fatalistic mind."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND

by OTTO KARRER **10s. 6d. net**

Christianity, in the person of a scholar and a Christian, looks at Islam, Jainism, Græco-Roman religion, Egyptian religion, religions of Africa, primitive religion, nineteenth-century atheism; and finds much at which to wonder.

THE FUTURE OF BOLSHEVISM

by WALDEMAR GURIAN **3s. 6d. net**

Bolshevism, it is often thought, is a Russian thing. Dr. Gurian sees it most successful in Hitler's Germany; and he supports his argument by brilliant comparisons and by established facts. Then he speculates on the world-wide future of Bolshevism.

SHEED & WARD, 31 Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

HARRAP BOOKS

Molly Lepell
Lady Hervey

By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. *Illus.* 15/- *net.*

Book Society Recommendation

"She knows the background of the scene she paints, blends scholarship with grace, and . . . introduces us to unpublished letters and verses which deserve to see the light. Yet the real secret of her success is a whole-hearted and warming enthusiasm for her subject."—ARTHUR BRYANT (*Observer*).

"I rejoice when such a book arrives. To read of polite Society in the reign of George II is a way of theatre-going. Molly Lepell was a girl so pretty, so lovable, that her charm has become a legend." — CLEMENCE DANE (*Book Society News*).

Ready Early June

Fires Underground

By HEINZ LIEPMANN. 7/6 *net.*

A narrative of the secret struggle carried on by the illegal organisations in Germany under penalty of death. The book tells of the spying and counter-spying, the hidden printing-presses, the dissemination of anti-Hitler propaganda, the code-messages and passwords, etc. The translation is by R. T. Clark.

Tyrolean June

By NINA MURDOCH, *Author of "She Travelled Alone in Spain." With many Photographs. 2nd Impr.* 8/6 *net.*

"No matter where she goes . . . Miss Murdoch's observant eye fastens upon something or somebody worth watching and memorising. . . . This is a book for the 'armchair' traveller as well as for his luckier fellow who already knows Tyrol and its beauties." —*The Times.*

"The photographs by Dr. Defner really are most exquisite."—HENRY BAERLEIN (*Manchester Guardian*).

An Introduction to
Cultural Anthropology

By PROFESSOR R. H. LOWIE. *Illus.* 10/6 *net.*

"A clear and useful statement of our knowledge in the main lines of ethnological study, the first half of the book dealing with the economy of tribal life, the second half with the structure and working of the tribal group." —*Times Literary Supplement.*

Living by the Pen

By CECIL HUNT. 5/- *net.*

A practical guide to journalism and novel-writing by the Fiction Editor of the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News*, author of *Short Stories: How to Write Them.*

182 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

The student of colonial administration will find much to interest him in the discussions of judicial practice in East Africa (e.g. the flogging of natives) which intersperse the more social chronicle. Unlike many colonial judges Mr. Alexander always assumed the black cap when pronouncing sentence of death. "A trial for murder," he explains, with perhaps rather too much gusto, ". . . is a drama which increases in intensity of interest as it proceeds. . . . Point and significance are given to the proceedings when the ritual is carried out with full formality."

Mr. Metcalfe's is an unusual book. At first sight it seems like many another work of soldierly reminiscence; it contains, for example, the inevitable female masquerade by a Sandhurst cadet, a story so recurrent in military annals that tea-parties and dances in pre-war Camberley must, one feels, have passed in a constant flutter of uncertainty:

> There was in a certain company an extremely good-looking, delicate-complexioned, and slenderly-formed cadet. A bet was laid with him that he would not dress up in woman's clothes, and . . . call on some friends in Bagshot. He jumped at it . . .

But if such an incident suggests the conventional soldier let it be said that Mr. Metcalfe is much more than that: he has a deep understanding of the Irishmen in his regiment, and wins our sympathy by the extraordinary candour with which he analyses his choice of a military career. First he mentions "the pageantry which appeals to the Narcissus-complex innate in youth (how many hours were spent before the mirror, how often was one photographed, when a new uniform arrived!)" Next came "the possibility of making a name . . . by some fortunate chance in the field," "a touch of Nordic snobbishness" which enjoyed titles of respect, and the appeal of martial music. "Strongest of all, though, I fancy, was an impulse all men know who are neither negative nor neutral in character: the desire for that form of self-gratification found in the ordering of others about."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

VICARIOUS ADVENTURE

Henry of Navarre. By MARCELLE VIOUX. *Bles.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Reign of Charles V, 1516-1558. By W. L. MCELWEE. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

One of these books is a translation, quite adequately carried through, of a French book called *Le Vert Galant*. Its author has industriously collected every scrap of scandal about the court life of France between 1560 and 1610 and done his very best to set it all out in the most vivid style at his command. Something frightful or spicy happens on every page. The other is the work of an Oxford-trained schoolmaster who disarmingly explains that he has read nothing about his subject outside the standard authorities, of which he has given a sensible and businesslike summary. No doubt this is what both Henri IV and Charles V deserve. Henri, like his grandson Charles II of England, makes up all too well as the naughty king, and Charles V tried to do so many different jobs at the same time that it has long been felt by those who have to know about him that a short, straightforward biography of him would be a godsend. In fact between them the two books suggest that the two chief functions of well-known historical figures are (1) to provide "light" reading of the kind usually associated with French novels, and (2) to enable the industrious to get up a period quickly. We obviously cannot get on nowadays without those two substitutes for dangerous living, pornography and examinations, and it does not require much imagination or ingenuity to find among the records of the past a good deal of suitable material for both. Henri IV, for example, went out of his way to stimulate scandal-mongers and so, with a rather different technique, did Catharine de Medici. Catharine, no doubt, was quite unconscious of the impression of malignancy which she created just by being naively Italian in France, but it may be conjectured that Henri quite enjoyed the curiosity and excitement which his Gascon antics provoked north of the Pyrenees, and even took some pains, as clearly Charles II did, to live up to, or at least to keep above, his reputation. It would amuse him to think of respectable gentlemen and ladies in the suburbs still furtively licking their lips over his amours. The Emperor, on the other hand, cannot have known how much anxiety and labour he would cause to future generations of schoolboys and undergraduates by his conscientious efforts to cope with the combined results of intermarriage and early decease among his ancestors and relatives. How could he have foreseen that the very genealogical tree of which he was himself both the chief victim and the top-most twig would

provide so convenient a test of fitness to earn a salary in one of the great bureaucracies or emporia of this modern world? But if he could, it seems clear that he would sympathise with and understand—himself a lifelong martyr to laborious and futile endeavour—the melancholy gate both of the young who write, and of the mature who read, examination papers. "Plus oultre"; one can almost hear him ingeminating slowly, over the multitudinous bent heads and busy pens, that grand slogan to which he tried so hard to live up. Anyhow, Henri and Charles are both long dead, so that even if they were more interesting individuals than one might gather from the uses to which their storied deeds are now put, it can do them no harm: neither scandal nor marksheets can touch them now.

KENNETH BELL

ROADS TO HAPPINESS

What Then Must We Do? By LEO TOLSTOY. *World's Classics Series. Oxford University Press.* 2*s.*

The Necessity of Belief. By ERIC GILL. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Achievement of Happiness. By DR. B. SOKOLOFF. *Archer.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Greater Awareness. By CYRIL SCOTT. *Routledge.* 6*s.*

Start doing honest work, says Tolstoy, addressing the upper and middle classes. Have the guts to believe, says Mr. Gill to agnostics and people a little confused by science. *Learn* to be happy, says Dr. Sokoloff, if you are not happy. Mr. Scott says: Attain Life-Love-Knowledge-and-Joy.

The honest work Tolstoy meant was, for men, growing food and making certain necessaries, and for women having babies and doing house-work. It is largely because he was a colossal genius that the most stark proposition put forward by him rings more true than other people's common sense. He had, of course, besides, a rare confidence for talking about elemental things and "moral laws," by which he meant the moral relevance of man's much diffused energies. And so, refinements which (one cannot help believing) must be among the ends of human effort rather dwindle into insignificance when Tolstoy talks about those elemental things—using language that can be understood by old Prokofy, the cowherd on the steppe, or the likes of him anywhere. If we suddenly see Atlas holding up the Earth, it will be some time before we think of focusing our telescope on the contours even of Attica.

Then are we all to be peasants? No; but it will never do to laugh at our titan. He asks us to lead our lives in such a way that a closer correspondence is shown between what we give and what we receive. Tolstoy no doubt meant spade when he said spade; and one can agree it was sad that men could not get their margin of leisure for making progress, intellectual and material, directly out of exploiting the soil, but only out of exploiting the tillers of the soil.

The belief that Mr. Gill proclaims is to do with this integrity which division-of-labour threatens. Mr. Gill soon detaches himself from his pages as an artist, an individual with a being over and above the sum of his actions. As such he invites fortuitous concourses of atoms to join his side, boldly declare themselves persons, and confess that love is lovely and beauty beautiful. The parts of his book which are affirmation are vivacious and refreshing. When he turns scholastic his integrity is diluted. Evil, he says, may be divided into pain and misery. As for pain, who would not expect a decaying tooth to ache? he asks, and calls on us to meet pain with heroism, and misery (that is, moral pain) with saintliness. The attitude is from a human point of view correct—how much more dignified than those denials of the existence of pain which are increasingly finding acceptance as religion. There is nothing exactly indecent in a Catholic then saying briskly, as Mr. Gill seems to do: "Q.E.D."—only non-Catholics may ask why, granting Mr. Gill's hypothesis for a moment, teeth should not leave us painlessly, like hair? And, of course, Mr. Gill inevitably classes all pain that animals suffer as physical. I who am not a dog-lover remain unshaken in my conviction, that dogs can suffer "misery." It is said that dogs have been known to commit suicide out of grief, and though no-one can absolutely prove it, the thing is credible to anyone whom a systematic faith does not debar from believing.

As far as Happiness is concerned, there have from time immemorial been two schools of thought. According to the one school, to which, for instance, John Stuart Mill and Principal

BELL

an Izaak Walton of farming

Highland Homespun

by MARGARET MARY LEIGH

GLASGOW HERALD: "The best book that has been written about the West Highlands."
H. E. BATES: "It is a book absolutely after my own heart."
CLARE LEIGHTON: "This is a moving, beautiful book."
SPECTATOR: "Every page of it bears the marks of a strikingly original and vital personality."
OBSERVER: "Well, if it is not a polite book, it is a delicious one, everywhere open-eyed and unaffected."
SCOTSMAN: "This is a book of rare quality."
DR. J. M. BULLOCH: "She has made me wildly excited about her book . . .sheer delight." 8*s.* 6*d. net.*

an apt, stimulating and vitally important book

The Twilight of Treaties

by Y. M. GOBLET

ROBERT BERNAYS, M.P.: "A book of particular importance . . . a wide and closely documented survey of every danger centre in the modern world."
TIMES: "An interesting and stimulating book. . . . M. Goblet shows a realistic sense of the human element in present world problems."
HEADWAY: "It outlines a new and helpful approach to many hitherto intractable difficulties." 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

there is one of the most graphic storms in fiction in this exciting and amusing yachting novel

Storm in a Tea-cup

by GUS MARCH-PHILLIPPS

A LEADING LONDON BOOKSELLER: "This is the most refreshing tale I have read for a very long while and I give it the highest possible marks for entertainment value, snappy writing and effective characterisation. . . . grand entertainment and full of chuckles from start to finish." 7*s.* 6*d. net.*

The Small Garden

by SIR EDWARD ANSON

A simple and practical book written expressly for the vast army of owners of small gardens. It describes every gardening process which is likely to be of value to them, from planting bulbs to pruning raspberries. 3*s.* 6*d. net.*

6, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2

AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

By

E. M. Hugh-Jones and E. A. Radice

6/- net

The impressions of two young Oxford economists who lived for some time in the United States during the first years of the New Deal

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES

By

E. Ekwall

15/- net

". . . Is it necessary to add that the work should be in the hands of teachers as well as of those interested in local history? By the more specialised student of place-names the book will be warmly welcomed . . ."—*Birmingham Post.*

IBSEN'S

PEER GYNT

Translated into English Verse by

R. Ellis-Roberts

(World's Classics) 2/- net

The version used in the present revival at Sadler's Wells

THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES

By

the late Hastings Rashdall

New edition by F. M. Powicke and A. B. Emden

3 volumes. 63/- net

". . A notable achievement of British scholarship. . ."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

By

J. B. Black

12/6 net

A new volume of the Oxford History of England

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Jacks belong, the only way to find happiness is not to look for it. According to the other (including Sir Thomas More and Professor Santayana) the way to find it is to look for it. But Dr. Sokoloff says we are to *learn* it.

Now there is a curious thing about Dr. Sokoloff's book which I am sure would strike one even if one had not just been reading Tolstoy and Mr. Gill. Here is the doctor, obviously a man of great spirit, who has had some extraordinary experiences, and who knows a tremendous number of facts about biology and psychology and pathology. And, in spite of his equipment, he has only to start talking in a general way about happiness for one to doubt whether after all he has the necessary qualifications to advise us. It would be a surprise to find him personally anything but suave and cultured, but his philosophy is somehow only experimental. His long medical words, so far from adding weight to his theories, make them sound, as it were, provincial. Perhaps the truth is that wisdom is ancient wisdom, and it is only in certain new techniques for disseminating it that its modern aspect consists. One might almost think that there are some things that one cannot get to know better by learning more about them.

When on page 177 Dr. Sokoloff describes happiness as an art, he is nearer a truth than when he says on page 195—after a few words about the functioning of women's endocrine glands—that "everything in the woman's nature seems to be especially meant to enable her to feel happiness." Everything is not there if she has got to learn to be natural. Still, this is the right book for circulating libraries, and it should give some readers courage to hope for better times when they see in what a good temper Dr. Sokoloff has come out of his scrapes.

On page 130 of *The Greater Awareness* Mr. Scott gives as good a piece of medico-psychological advice as any we get from the doctor. Otherwise he writes too petulantly to preach successfully except to the converted (to theosophy). Before adopting his recommendations we should have to abandon so much of our classical heritage, good and bad together, that few who consciously prize it will want to take the risk. Mr. Scott says: "How often do we hear the lament, 'I daren't even breathe the word Occultism when my husband is about'?" The question is rhetorical; if it were not I think one could comfortably answer: "Not very often."

Paul Bloomfield

ROYAL FUN

Africa Answers Back. By H.H. Prince Akiki K. Nyabongo. *Routledge. 7s. 6d.*

I thoroughly enjoyed this book. The title probably misleads: for though the book has an obvious moral it is less challenge, more satire. The author imagines "I presume" Stanley meeting with an African king and receiving his hospitality. Stanley shows the king the uses of a rifle and completes the lesson by reading the Bible and explaining it to his host. On his return to civilisation, Stanley, partly in gratitude, and partly with more exalted motives, sends a Christian missionary to preach the gospel to the African king and his people. Hostile tribes eat the first missionary, but a second manages to get through and though not very welcome establishes himself there. A French Catholic priest gets there about the same time. And the Arabs send their own Moslem missionaries. The chiefs hold a council to decide the respective merits of the would-be proselytisers. They argue, "Papa, the French missionary, is always smiling and happy. God is good to him. The English missionary is always scowling. He is very lean and unhappy. I don't think God likes him."

However, the Church of England in Uganda holds on steadfastly and in due course start an English school. A chief's son, named Stanley Mujungu, dressed in European shorts and shirt and riding a bicycle, attends this school. As he grows up the school rules and he clash. He is expelled. Shortly afterwards a smallpox epidemic kills the chief and Stanley takes his place. Stanley Mujungu sets many examples such as getting himself vaccinated, and marrying only one wife, where his father had 375 wives. The tribe is aghast at this breach of convention. The young chief's western theories suffer badly. He thinks things over. Perhaps four wives. His subjects are somewhat pacified. With four wives back of him he faces the future of his race and the social and economic problems that threaten it.

The book is full of Gilbertian incidents, particularly one scene where the chief's 375 wives exhort him to marry more. One wife tells him: "I want you to marry some more wives, about two hundred more. I don't think 375 are enough for a man of your

reputation and wealth. When you do that for me I shall have no further complaint." But the book is not all about wives. There is much African lore, and a folk story, "How the grey parrots got their red tails," to me the best thing in the book.

The author has been at Yale, and is now at Oxford, and there are a few phrases such as "a rub-down," "sub-chief," "awfully," "right out of poetry" that are out of keeping with the African scene, but I liked the "P." (in imitation of a well-known signature), which he appends to his signature at the bottom of his photograph. May his pen and his sceptre both flourish!

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

THE SHORT BIOGRAPHY

Ruskin. By GERALD CROW. GREAT LIVES. *Duckworth.* 2s.
Wordsworth. By PETER BURRA. GREAT LIVES. *Duckworth.* 2s.

The great and difficult art of a short biography is to begin at the beginning, go on till you come to the end, and then stop. There is no time for any other treatment. Neither of these two Lives quite achieves the feat, and Mr. Crow appears not to have attempted it. He implies, not (like Lamb's favourite eighteenth-century writers) "I will tell you a story, and I suppose you will understand it," but "I will annotate a story, and I hope you will be able to make it out." And one can't, of course—without knowing it beforehand. In the general haze, nothing is so distinct as the writer's assumption of superior knowingness, not *his*, to do him justice, so much as *ours*; one is reminded of William De Morgan's old gentleman, with his invariable "We're-all-very-fine-people." We see through this Eminent Victorian, in whose aspirations Mr. Crow is fond of detecting "biological absurdity," and whose utterances he praises with laughable moderation—"This is not wide of the mark." To be sure he does admire Ruskin, but he is so anxious not to be caught overdoing it.

> Ruskin is not unremitting in his eloquence. . . . It is true that he exhausted the possibilities of eloquence, but on that account, although he cannot always be read with pleasure, he is not altogether to be blamed for using a method whose possibilities were not exhausted at the time. Indeed, when we come to read him at all fully we find in him an unusual mastery of English. . . . Often enough, he could only achieve fluency at the point where eloquence supervenes. What must not escape notice is the remarkable precision of almost every word. The trouble is that the feeling behind it is genuine. . . .

The trouble with Mr. Crow is that he lacks the precision and neatness of touch he seems to value. He makes the same person die twice in one short book, calls "The empty moat is gay with flowers" a *glittering* line, and sums up the poem it occurs in as "Pre-Raphaelite."

Mr. Burra is not a master of the plain talk he has rare virtues. He relates what is known about Wordsworth's life, and stops there (what fools some critics have made of themselves over Annette Vallon!). He does not believe himself to have explored every corner of the poet's soul—and what is more, the acknowledged gaps are as effective as the shadows in a good portrait. It may be objected, perhaps, that he is inclined to slur over unprepossessing traits, and to make the most of rather indifferent poetry, but this reaction to so much glib emphasis of the other side never goes far enough to be distorting. His Wordsworth is a somewhat unapproachable, very impressive, and at last touching figure, not only more dignified, but much more credible than the stiff-jointed masculine Aunt Sally frequently set up under that name.

K. JOHN

SHORTER NOTICE

The Renaissance. By F. FUNCK-BRENTANO. *Bles.* 10s. 6d.

The provenance of the papers which form the chapters of this study of the Renaissance is not stated, but they suggest a collection of fugitive essays, welded loosely into a book. Each chapter stands alone, and deals with some phase of the material and spiritual revolution, or with one or more of the important figures whose questings and questionings undermined the Catholic and feudal mediaeval world. It is true that in his introduction and conclusion M. Funck-Brentano does give a certain unity to the book, and his brief but vivid biographies do interpret the time. But it must be confessed that readers familiar with his historic method, its daring and its insight, will miss something of the gusto with which he normally formulates his sweeping, attractive, and paradoxical generalisations; though he does give us a taste of this quality when he declares that the repercussions of the Renaissance "entailed the rise of class distinctions."

MARTIN SECKER & WARBURG

FRANK TILSLEY

I'd Do It Again

A powerful novel by a new writer. A quick-moving brutal story of a clerk who steals from his employer to make an adequate home for his lovely wife. 7s. 6d. net.

RICHARD BLAKE BROWN

My Aunt in Pink

Written in sparkling style (say Clicquot '20), this witty extravaganza is recommended to readers suffering from a surfeit of the contemporary gloom. 7s. 6d. net.

ERSKINE CALDWELL

Kneel to the Rising Sun

This collection of stories by the author of *God's Little Acre* and *Tobacco Road* contains some of his most powerful work. 7s. 6d. net.

COMPTON MACKENZIE on ERSKINE CALDWELL
"I back him for a place at the very top of American fiction."

22 ESSEX STREET STRAND

NELSON

THE SILVER FLEECE
by Robert Collis

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY DECORATED BY T. G. WILSON

"Compact with exciting events" (and Dr. Buchman)

AUSTIN CLARKE IN THE OBSERVER

"Sensitive, affectionate, humorous, vulnerable to beauty and pity, adventurous, likeable and young"

E. A. MONTAGUE IN THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

15s

This Small World of Mine

SIR HECTOR DUFF

"Good books about Scotland have recently appeared; here is another. Sir Hector is of long and varied experience as a servant of Empire. But he remains the Scots laird, fondly attached to his home and its people."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Illustrated. 12s 6d net

Dickens: the Man and the Book

RALPH STRAUS

An illustrated anthology linked by running commentary. "Mr. Straus has very properly pleased himself, and in doing so will please a great many other people."—*Times Literary Supplement.* Argosy Books. Illustrated.

3s 6d net

Everest: the Challenge

SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

With 16 magnificent photographs and 4 maps. "A thrilling and a moving book."—Basil de Selincourt in the *Observer.* "He writes of the mountains with so sincere a passion that one feels their majesty in his pages."—Edward Shanks in the *Sunday Times.* 12s 6d net

Irish Literature and Drama

STEPHEN GWYNN

To be published on Monday. A fascinating history and a vivid interpretation by a distinguished Irish critic and biographer, who has known intimately many of the leaders of the Celtic Renaissance. 6s net

As Far As In Me Lies

BARBARA WILLARD

"The characters are alive and convincing."—Maurice Richardson in the *Observer.* "The climax is a bit of invention admirable in its simplicity. Miss Willard states with restraint, with persuasive plausibility."—Harold Brighouse in the *Manchester Guardian.* 7s 6d net

Beginnings

"How did you first begin to write?"

Edited by L. A. G. STRONG

The following answer the question: Adrian Alington, A. J. Cronin, L. E. O. Charlton, A. E. Coppard, E. M. Delafield, Louis Golding, Wyndham Lewis, V. S. Pritchett, V. Sackville-West, Beatrice Kean Seymour, Helen Simpson, L. A. G. Strong, Alec Waugh, and Malachi Whitaker. 2s 6d net

The Golden Age by KENNETH GRAHAME is a recent addition to the Nelson Classics, each 1s 6d net. Other recent additions include Some Experiences of an Irish R.M. by SOMERVILLE and ROSS, Garibaldi and the Thousand by G. M. TREVELYAN, The Nap and Other Stories by WALTER DE LA MARE, Money by HARTLEY WITHERS, and Trent's Last Case by E. C. BENTLEY. Full list post free from Nelson's, 35 Paternoster Row, E.C.4. Nelson's also announce that on June 8th they will publish Moscow Admits a Critic by SIR BERNARD PARES.

NELSON

THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN LEADER

Jawaharlal Nehru, an Autobiography. *Lane.* 15s.

This book that Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru wrote in prison in the form of an autobiography is the most vital contribution that any Indian has yet made to political literature. It ought to arouse in the English reader a keen if rather painful interest, and for the personality of this brilliant and courageous leader of the younger generation it will win, even from Conservatives, sympathy and respect. This descendant of a hundred generations of Brahmans talks to us in our own language, for he thinks our thoughts and belongs to our culture. He writes not only with force and vitality, but in some chapters with a polish and ironic point that raise his book to the level of literature. Trained in the natural sciences at Cambridge, he startles us by his familiarity with the most recent English poetry. Some brief passages, quiet and restrained though they are, that touch on the beauty of Indian mountains, birds and trees linger in one's memory as one reads. He has to all his thinking and observation a wide background of history, both Western and Eastern, and indeed he followed Sir Walter Raleigh and Condorcet as the third captive who used his enforced leisure to attempt a sketch (this time from the angle of India) of Universal History. In short, this gifted, sensitive, widely-read man is a rationalist and a Socialist, who in England or France would be honoured as the leader of a great party. Our use for him is to consign him to seven terms of imprisonment, so that his mature life has been a see-saw between agitation (all of it pacific) and jail.

Will this unusual book, which Englishmen will read with profit and interest, find its way to Indians? One is not sure: that rests with the police and the customs officials. But if it does, its publication is an event in Indian history, and a very big event. For it is the record of the pilgrimage of a man who came from one of the most respected families of the Brahman aristocracy, through Gandhist nationalism to a modern and Socialist outlook. He is, after the Mahatma, the most popular and beloved figure in Indian public life. It happened that I landed in India a day or two before one of his prison ordeals. Life stood still for an entire day, the mills were silent and the shops closed in a *hartal*, which even Muslims observed, to protest against his arrest, and then again, a week later, against his two-year sentence. He tells us himself that his popularity is due to Indian snobbery and a superstitious respect for a career of renunciation—for he was once wealthy and might have advanced to all the honours. In fact, I think it was his unflinching courage, physical, moral and intellectual, that chiefly impressed his timid fellow-countrymen. Twice at an early age president of Congress and for many years its indispensable secretary, one thought of him as the most loyal of Gandhi's lieutenants, and this in fact he was, though he never concealed his socialism or his rationalism. But this book is none the less a perfectly plain-spoken polemic against the whole Gandhist view of life. It would be impossible to write with more love and veneration for this baffling but magnetic personality. Nor could this magician whose spells turned common men into heroes desire a more ungrudging tribute to the broad effect of his work. By inducing Indians to stand erect and dare defiance in deeds, albeit innocent deeds, to the Empire, he gave this nation self-respect. In that subjective sense civil disobedience was a triumph. More guarded praise is bestowed on this leader's instinctive tactical judgment in some crises though not in all, though his "reasons," we are told, when he afterwards evolved them, were sometimes "an insult to the intelligence." For the rest this young mind, with its positive and scientific outlook, tilts in chapter after chapter at every one of the peculiar tenets and attitudes that make the Gandhist creed—its asceticism, its idealisation of the Hindu past, its old-world sense of sin, its fear of sex, its touching conviction that good landlords and good capitalists can redeem the institutions of property, its religious acceptance of the poverty of the poor and the trusteeship of the rich. Hating violence even when he encounters it in Russia, Mr. Nehru refuses, none the less, to make a dogma of "non-violence." All this is written not in the manner of a controversial pamphlet, but as a poignant page torn from the life of inner and outer struggle. We feel the love that bound this young man, who had Harrow and Cambridge behind him, to this ascetic of genius. Every difference is a distress, especially when it came to a lonely man in prison or amid family bereavement, for Gandhi was not only the leader and teacher but the friend and the guide. What Jawaharlal Nehru has to set in the place of this other-worldly attitude is familiar enough to us, though he acclimatises it in its Indian setting, but as a close-knit creed, something firmer and more dynamic than a humanitarian aspiration, it is new to India. It was experience of the misery of the working peasants under a peculiarly rapacious breed of landlords in his native province that made him a revolutionary Socialist.

The other main theme of the book—apart from its vivid narrative of stirring events—is its handling of the passivity of the Indian Moderates. Towards them he is bitter—as he never is towards Englishmen—but it is a cold, reasoning bitterness that finds its outlet in contemptuous wit. Personally I found this attitude as salutary as it is intelligible. These people, be they Muslims or Hindus, Liberals or Communalists, are parasitic on the Empire. But it is not Pandit Nehru's way to waste himself in trivial controversy. He goes straight to the root of the difference that divides the Liberals from his own school of thought. What they envisage as the desirable future for India is a continuance of the present social structure with a change of colour. It will be an India of princes and capitalists, landlords and I.C.S., policemen and governors, but gradually what is white to-day shall turn to brown to-morrow. Theirs is a colour grievance, which for his part (in spite of some wholly mythical legends about his father and himself) he does not share. There it may be, because his pride saved him from the weaknesses of the average Indian, he underestimates the psychological gain that would come even from this superficial process of "Indianisation." But he is certainly right in his prediction that India run on the old model by tame Indians will be even worse governed than it is to-day. What he demands is, of course, a fundamental change in the whole social structure, that will release the latent capacities of this ill-organised population for productive work, and raise the masses from their sub-human poverty. It is not that he forgets the responsibility of Indians—princes, landlords, usurers, industrialists. But he shows—and it is perhaps the outstanding lesson of the book—how inevitably the Empire shields these native exploiters, relies on them and uses them as its own bodyguard. His objective is therefore no mere colour-washing of the present Indian fabric, but a shift of power, which

TWO SUCCESSFUL NOVELS

THE BEAUTIES AND FURIES
by
CHRISTINA STEAD
author of *The Salzburg Tales*

'The book has to be read from cover to cover, since it offers astonishing vistas of human character and is dynamically alive.' *Cecil Roberts.*

ADVENTURE FROM THE GRAVE
by
KATHLEEN FREEMAN

'Such a feast of refined creeps is rarely served as this story of a six years' dead man who rises from the tomb and lives again with supernatural powers.'
Manchester Evening News.

7/6 each

☛ *Anyone fond of Pekes?* R.S.V.P.

PETER DAVIES
30 Henrietta Street, W.C.2

will be accomplished only when the last British troops are withdrawn.

This double polemic against the other-worldly and the all-too-worldly India makes the historic significance of a book that ought to rank in Asia as a creative force. That was its purpose: it is not addressed to us. None the less it will be strange if it fails to awaken some at least of us by the paradox in action it reflects. Here is a man who is one of us, by his culture, his humanity and his scientific vision. He aims at doing what Englishmen in India have boasted that they did but could not do. He is struggling to bring the social organisation that reflects this culture of ours to a very backward people. But we are the obstacle. The Labour Party ought in particular to read it, for half these struggles and sufferings went on under its sway. One cannot close an inadequate notice of this long and important book without a mention of the evidence with which it is packed of the growing brutality of British rule in India in recent years, and the vanishing of every civil liberty. As for the new Constitution, the author holds that under it revolution is now the only visible exit.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

GREAT ENGLISH POTBOILERS

The English Novelists. A SURVEY OF THE NOVEL BY CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS. Edited by DEREK VERSCHOYLE. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Verschoyle felt a need for a survey of the development of the English novel; considering, mistakenly I am sure, that he was inadequate to the task, he parcelled it out among nineteen novelists. The result is not like what Mr. Philip Guedalla, betraying once more his dislike for serious historians, calls the Cambridge Modern and Ancient Histories—"purely mechanical" enterprises produced by "academic navvies." Mr. Verschoyle and his gang (to continue Mr. Guedalla's courteous analogy) do not appear to have made a very thorough job. There are, for instance, less than twenty lines about Thackeray, and nothing about George Eliot. One of the best papers is by Mr. Graham Greene, who confines himself to one rarely considered aspect of Henry James—his preoccupation with evil. The book would, indeed, have been more valuable if each of the contributors had concentrated on the aspect of his subject that he personally found most interesting. Too often they pull themselves up, apparently for the benefit of the young person reading English at the University, just when they are beginning to stimulate. Consequently, the book fails to be either the balanced consecutive survey required by the examinee, or the fascinating medley it might have been of stray reflections by craftsmen on their predecessors. This criticism made, let us consider the merits of the book, which are many.

The strongest impression it leaves is of the immorality of our great novelists. From Lyly to Lawrence they have almost all failed fully to exploit their powers, usually from a defect in character. They have lacked the good workman's pride in good work, and deferred to the stupider section of the public or sermonised. Sterne, says Mr. Calder-Marshall, "was not prepared to forgo the adverse judgment of contemporaries in order to win regard from posterity. Desire for fame meant simply that he wished to be received and applauded by London society." Mr. Edwin Muir says of Scott: "The only thing he did not consider worth conserving was the standards of his own art." Dickens, says Mr. O'Faoláin, was "often, frankly, disloyal to his craft." For Hardy, says Mr. H. E. Bates, "mere creation and interpretation was not enough. He must come out boldly on the side of purity. He took up, in fact, a Moral Attitude." Thackeray, if he had been thought worth considering in this book, could have been similarly impeached. Trollope, says Mr. L. A. Pavey, "liked comfort and a good income—he averaged £4,500 a year for twelve years—and he preferred the society of distinguished to that of unknown people. And he knew too that those he wrote about would be better pleased at seeing their neighbours mildly castigated than resentful at any implied condemnation of themselves." Mr. Pavey's grammar is obscure, but his verdict seems clear: Trollope wrote down for the sake of money and social position. The contempt which we show for best-sellers occasionally reminds me of the comments made by ugly and virtuous women upon the furs and jewels of some resplendent tart. Yet prostitution is not a career which one would recommend—for one thing, it is apt to be a blind-alley occupation. And similarly the greater the concessions made by a novelist, the less chance his books have of a continuing prosperity. It is weakness not in talent but in character which has made English novelists inferior to French.

"There are not many pure artists in England," Mr. Garnett writes, "but there are a great many parsons and enormous numbers of potential and would-be magistrates and parsons." It is difficult to exaggerate the damage done to the English novel by what the French call *prêchi-prêcha*. It is important, of course, not to confuse preaching, which in a novel is always damaging, with a sense of moral values, which is a source of strength to a writer—indeed, I doubt if any great novelist has lacked it. What is so striking in the English novelists is not merely that they have thumped their pulpit-cushions, but that they have often done so insincerely, to pack the pews and swell the collection. Compare Dickens and Thackeray with Balzac and Stendhal: the two Frenchmen are seriously concerned with moral issues—indeed Balzac exasperates one by the persistence with which he most unrealistically makes his good characters rabbits defenceless against his snake-like villains—but there is never the nauseating cant which disfigures the works of the two Englishmen. What a pleasure to turn from these to Miss Austen, whose morality is almost shockingly conventional, but never emphatic or emotional. Miss Elizabeth Bowen in this book refers to the "Moral taste" of her characters: "'Moral taste' is interesting: only highly civilised and really rather morally neutral people have it: it is the stuff of James and Turgeniev novels." This is a quality very conspicuous in Mr. Forster's books, and regrettably rare in English fiction.

It is appropriate that much the best thing in this book should be Miss Elizabeth Bowen's study of the most flawless and enjoyable of English novelists. She manages, it is true, to misspell the names of Bingley and Elliot and even Bennet, but otherwise her paper is a model. How perceptive the remark that Mr. Darcy "is a good man, a man of integrity, with the sombre attractiveness of a wicked one"; how well placed her impatience with Fanny for refusing Mr. Crawford: "Henry Crawford was her one chance of growing up. As it is, she remains with the colourless Edmund; loyal, jejune and prim." Or listen to her comment on the narrow limits of Miss Austen's canvases:

> Accident—the accident of birth—dictated the scene and scope of her novels but did not restrict their power. She was a very rare example—perhaps Proust was another—of intelligence articulating with the social personality; she was one of those happy natures whose very stuff is intelligence, with which nothing goes to waste, that everything aliments. Provinciality is a malady bred of being too much engaged with one's surroundings: the provinciality of Bohemia is well known. To be unprovincial is to know what is important, to see the exact importance of everything that you see. To underrate a deliberately quiet life is, absurdly, to confuse experience with knowledge.

Apart from Miss Austen's, which English novels emerge most unshaken by fastidious examination? As a personal opinion I should suggest *Villette*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Clarissa* and *The Misfortunes of Elphin*. To each of these this book does justice. Mr. E. F. Benson is always at his best about the Brontës, Mr. Romilly Fedden appreciates Peacock, and the only fault of Mr. Garnett's essay on Richardson, Fielding and Smollett is that it is too short. (Surely it was fantastic to allow more space to Samuel Butler as a novelist than to these three together.) To Smollett in particular, Mr. Garnett has not the space to be fair. Though he lacks the steady breeze which fills the sails of Fielding's narrative, he is, I think, a much more interesting person—a man born before his time and suffering, like the hero of James's *Sense of the Past*, from a 20th Century sensibility in an 18th Century environment.

There is a most agreeable paper on Lyly and Sidney, but *Euphues* is like the most syrupy of liqueurs, tolerable only in sips, in fact unworthy of the name of novel, and not even the wiles of Miss Rose Macaulay can persuade me otherwise. Mr. Pritchett gives a sharp portrait of Defoe. Mr. L. A. G. Strong is eloquent in praise of Joyce. Mr. Peter Quennell in ten pages gives us a most judicious, well-proportioned and penetrating essay on D. H. Lawrence and Mr. Huxley. Miss E. B. C. Jones writes one of the best things in the book, on Mr. Forster and Mrs. Woolf, combining warm appreciation with a bleak detachment. There is no study of Arnold Bennett or Moore or Mr. Wells or Mr. Maugham.

What a congeries of qualities, one feels reading this book, do we look for in the novelist! Narrative power, characterisation, moral sensibility, poetic intensity, verbal beauty—perhaps in Heaven Miss Austen, Emily Brontë and Peacock can collaborate to produce the ideal novel. I see little hope of an analogous collaboration between Mrs. Woolf, Mr. Maugham and Mr. Huxley, for instance, or between Mr. Forster, Mr. Garnett and Miss Compton Burnett. But in Heaven all things are possible.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Collected Poems 1909-1935

T. S. Eliot

Mr. Eliot's poems have hitherto been scattered in many small volumes. This is the definitive edition to date with a new long poem. 7/6

The final and most important volume

HAIG

by **Duff Cooper**

with the whole story of Passchendaele

Radio

Rudolph Arnheim

A pioneer work by the author of *Film*, likely to have a decisive and inspiring influence on broadcasting technique—no aspect of which is neglected. A mine of suggestions for broadcaster and producer, it will help the listener. *32 pages of illustrations.* 10/6

Seven Red Sundays

Raymón J. Sender

'This brilliant and arresting novel by a rising star of Spanish literature should be read by anybody who wishes to understand something of modern Spanish politics.'—*The Times.* 'A study of revolution from the inside—highly dramatic.'—*Times Lit. Sup.* 8/6

Sir James Sexton, Agitator,

the autobiography of the Dockers' M.P.

'A vivid tale of one of the most sterling characters in the ranks of the Labour Party—a page torn from the social history of our country.'—THE RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P. 'A wealth of good stories. I can, without reserve, recommend this volume.'—VISCOUNT SNOWDEN in the *Spectator*. 8/6

The Spanish Language and its Allies

W. J. Entwistle

The Spanish Language and its Allies: Portuguese, Catalan and Basque, is the latest volume in THE GREAT LANGUAGES series which now includes the following titles: *The Greek Language* (second revised edition), *The French Language*, and *The German Language*. Other volumes in preparation are *The Latin Language*, and *The English Language*. 18/-

The Burning Cactus

Stephen Spender

Five stories 'which dazzle and astonish with flashes of psychological insight and poetic vision.'—*Observer*. 'An exciting experience.'—*Times Lit. Sup.* 7/6

archy does his part

Don Marquis

'The invention of these two quaint and adorable creatures is one of the landmarks in the history of humour'.—A. G. MACDONELL: *Observer*. 5/-

HENRY WILLIAMSON'S
eagerly awaited Tetralogy

The Flax of Dream

This great long novel is Henry Williamson's masterpiece. It was conceived as a whole, and comprises the following famous books which now appear for the first time in one volume: *The Beautiful Years*, *Dandelion Days*, *The Dream of Fair Women*, and *The Pathway*. 1416 pages. 8/6

Principles of Shakespearian Production

G. Wilson Knight

Mr. Wilson, whose books on Shakespearian criticism have an established reputation, devotes his new work to the whole problem of Shakespeare production on the stage. 10/6

24 Russell Square **FABER & FABER** London, W.C.1

HARRIETTE WILSON AGAIN

The Fortunes of Harriette. By ANGELA THIRKELL. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

As one of Harriette Wilson's warmest admirers, I cannot help feeling a little disappointed by the book that Mrs. Thirkell has devoted to her career. True, the task that confronted her was far from easy. In the first place, the most interesting passages of Harriette Wilson's life have been vividly described—or extensively and ingeniously misrepresented—by the heroine herself. Secondly, the mixture of veracity and falsehood in which she excelled is so subtle as usually to defeat analysis. Harriette was an inveterate and imaginative liar who possessed a remarkable aptitude for giving outrageous invention the colouring of sober fact. She had a wonderful gift of writing dialogue in character; and, although it is often difficult to credit her stories, it is equally difficult to dismiss them as mere moonshine. Mrs. Thirkell, then, was faced with an awkward choice. Should she rehash the famous *Memoirs*, adding chapters to include Harriette Wilson's earlier and later life; or write a critical volume, attempting to separate the probably veracious from the obviously invented, and supplying notes on Harriette's acquaintances as she went along? Unfortunately, she decided to adopt a compromise; and the result is a book that consists half of critical biography, half of a rather bald retelling of Harriette's own brilliant and lively narrative. Lengthy extracts are reprinted from the *Memoirs*, covering now and then as many as a dozen pages at a time; and Harriette's prose-style, with all its oddities, irregularities and vulgarisms, is sufficiently forceful to make the commentary seem feeble stuff. Nor has the historian gone into her subject-matter very thoroughly. In Chapter VIII, she gives a résumé of Harriette's alleged meeting and conversation with Byron at Wattier's Masquerade; but she does not explain that a series of letters from Harriette Wilson to Byron (published during the spring of last year) throw a curious and characteristic light upon the workings of Harriette's much-too-inventive brain. For, writing to Byron at Ravenna, she admits that she had never met him in London—though she had written again and again, begging him to call—but that, in the role of an unknown and masked admirer, she had shaken hands with him at the Masquerade and had been gratified by the poet's admiration of the beautifully modelled hands and feet that were one of her few claims to regular loveliness. His conversation, however, both on that and on subsequent occasions, when Harriette declares that he visited her at her lodgings and sat talking about religion till she grew tired and absent-minded, was almost entirely fictitious. Mrs. Thirkell observes that Harriette made a foolish slip by attributing to Byron a criticism of Caroline Lamb's novel, which had not yet been published; but otherwise pages 182 and 183 contain no indication that the whole incident was very largely mythical. And this is all the more surprising since one of Harriette Wilson's newly discovered letters is reproduced in facsimile on page 200.

Mrs. Thirkell, nevertheless, must be given the credit of having dug up much interesting information about Harriette Wilson's later and less resoundingly successful period, when the profits of blackmail were running low. We have all enjoyed the chronicle of her early triumphs: how, at the age of fifteen, she became the mistress of an old soldier, Lord Craven, who bored her by drawing illustrated diagrams of his campaigns in the West Indies on the finest vellum paper—"Here stood the enemy, he would say; and here, my love, are my fellows: these are the cocoa trees"—how she accepted the somewhat lackadaisical protection of Frederick Lamb; how Lord Ponsonby, with his "pre-eminently voluptuous beauty," proved the greatest love and the bitterest disappointment of her life; how she ensnared the young heir to the Dukedom of Beaufort and was bought off with the promise of five hundred pounds a year, if she would promise to go abroad. Leave England she did; but, meanwhile, health and beauty were failing. She was no longer the irresponsible girl—more like a boy than a young woman—who enjoyed long walks and hard rides and picked her lovers from the first flight of Regency fashion. A new Harriette appeared, the unscrupulous journalist who extorted by blackmail the money that she had once charmed into her pockets by the sheer force of personality. For her most successful journalistic effort, the publication of the *Memoirs*, she found a clever ally in John Joseph Stockdale, the publisher who in 1810 had printed Shelley's juvenile *Original Poems by Victor and Cazire* and who had since turned to pornography to repair his fortunes. Mrs. Thirkell's account of Stockdale is one of the most entertaining sections of her entire volume. Harriette Wilson's *Memoirs* took London by storm; even Scott read them; there were indignation meetings in several of the best clubs; and the public were so anxious to procure copies that Stockdale was obliged to erect a barricade. Harriette's later books fell comparatively flat. She returned to London in 1828 and took a house in Trevor Square, Knightsbridge, "then and long afterwards a place of equivocal reputation"; but this time she had a middle-class lover in tow—a ruffianly and dissipated Irishman by the name of Rochfort. It is said that she survived till the middle of the century, and that her later years were as quiet and respectable as befitted the age.

PETER QUENNELL

PITMAN

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

THE CRAFT OF THE SHORT STORY. By DONALD MACCONOCHIE. A stepping-stone for the ambitious short-story writer. 104 pages. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

LINAGE. By LEONARD KNOWLES. How to make money from news. 135 pages. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

WHO'S WHO IN THE THEATRE. Edited by JOHN PARKER. The most complete guide to the contemporary stage in existence—still further enlarged and revised. Eighth Edition. 2012 pages. 30*s.* net.

A TREASURY OF MODERN POETRY. By R. L. MÉGROZ. An Anthology of the Last Forty Years. 263 pages. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

TALKING OF ANIMALS. By GLADYS DAVIDSON, F.Z.S. A book of amusing animal stories for children of all ages, written by a well-known broadcaster. 224 pages. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

HISTORIC COSTUMING. By NEVIL TRUMAN. Historic costumes described and illustrated from classical times to the "Gay 'Nineties." 152 pages. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

PERSONAL PSYCHOLOGY. By MORLEY DAINOW. Read this book to learn the secrets of concentration, happiness and ability. Second Edition. 244 pages. 5*s.* net.

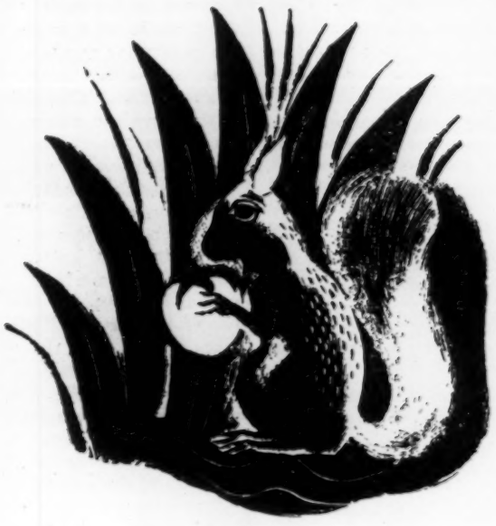
PITMAN

NEW NOVELS

The African Witch. By JOYCE CARY. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
If I Have Four Apples. By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Waterloo in Wardour Street. By ERIC SIEPMANN. *Chatto.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Strange Coast. By LIAM PAWLE. *Lovat Dickson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Candle. By LINTON C. HOPKINS. *Michael Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A reviewer is hampered writing about Africa. Mr. Eden can talk about Africa. He can say "we have nothing to reproach ourselves with, nothing to apologise for." I am afraid anything a reviewer writes after this will seem uninspired.

The African Witch is a novel on Nigeria. It is a long, solid, accomplished and interesting book. The author really understands natives and also paints a sympathetic picture of the Englishmen who govern them. He realises that, however we may have acquired Nigeria, the ordinary public-school type who go out there do not expect to make a fortune. Their worst crime is their inability to tolerate black men socially, and he has built up a plot from the predicament of a young Oxford-educated negro, possible heir to the river emirate of Rimi, and the bad impression he makes on the whites, who will not receive him, and on the blacks, who, devotees of ju-ju, a magical cult which makes no pretence to think human nature either good or capable of improvement, consider



The common proviso 'when we can find a house' never troubles the animal kingdom. And nowadays it need not trouble humanity. The Building Society movement enables every man to enjoy life in a home of his own. The Abbey Road Building Society enables home-lovers to be home-owners and takes a special pride in the speed, courtesy and efficiency of its service.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

SIR HAROLD BELLMAN—*Managing Director*

The best builders, the most reliable agents and the discriminating public use and recommend the Abbey Road service. You are invited to call or write for the interesting free booklet "Home Ownership."

ABBEY ROAD BUILDING SOCIETY
ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER STREET, N.W.1

C.S.—256

him a renegade and a Christian. It is an intelligent and fascinating novel. The descriptions of Elisabeth, the witch, and her ju-ju are remarkable, and so are the portraits of Louis, the coloured prince, intellectually and emotionally the superior of the white men, yet lacking their confidence and stability, of Burwash the affable, timid, and politic Governor, Rackham the intelligent but illiberal police commissioner, and the two women in his life. Mr. Cary does not give us types, although the life he describes is so obviously typical. He has no sympathy for the conventional product.

> . . . . Honeywood was a robot, a set of reactions, a creature ruled entirely by prejudice and a mass of contradictory impulses and inhibitions, which he called his opinions and thought of as his character. . . . His brain did not seek to judge and know; it existed to scheme defence and satisfaction for the beasts and parasites lodged in the zoo of his character. His will was the servant of nature, the crocodile in the swamp. He had no freedom. He was not a living soul but a tumour—something pushed up by the blind force of life. . . . To Rackham, people like Honeywood were more disgusting than to a tolerant and patient Englishman, for he loathed his stupidity. He was a dull fungus. He had not even colour or interest as a curiosity. Millions like him spawned every day in the national mushroom beds of the world.

The African Witch has already been compared to *A Passage to India*. The difference is that Mr. Cary is a good novelist, and Mr. Forster is an artist; the similarity lies in the fact that both understand and are in sympathy with their respective natives, both appreciate the difficulties of the white rulers and realise that, although there is something inherently doomed and rotten in the possession of colonies, the era of native autonomy has not yet arrived. Mr. Cary does not accuse the British of exploitation, as Celine does the French, but rather of political reaction, preserving the political systems which they find, the small autocracies, rather than encouraging democratic education. But his achievement has been to make, as it were, the African figures in the crowd scenes of *Sanders of the River* separately intelligible.

If I Have Four Apples is another profound study of the underdog. It is a book about several American families who live, in good times, on about five hundred a year and are the natural victims of the instalment system. We see them struggling impotently forward to own their houses, their frigidaires, vacuum-cleaners, boilers and pianos, never able to budget or face facts, buying a car when things look good, going to the cinema when they are bad, and never admitting the exact nature of their prospects, incomes, or liabilities. If they did, as the authoress points out, there would be a revolution. They are the fodder provided for the instalment agencies, who truss them up and numb them like those wasps that sting grubs and leave them for their offspring to grow fat on. This book, with its alarming estimate of the nature of the American recovery, has been a best seller over there. The abuse is not so widespread in England, but I think, all the same, many people will enjoy this witty, objective, and sympathetic novel.

Waterloo in Wardour Street is a farcical novel about the British film industry. There is a convention now about all film novels which renders them somewhat enervating. There must always be an enormously ignorant, self-confident, extravagant and vital director, always a bored culture-snob of a star, always an efficient second-in-command who goes mad or nearly mad, and always a happy-go-lucky hero who is pitchforked into the big money and takes it (and often the star) with a smile. How this rigid canon originated, what Boileau laid down the severe limitation on the number of situations and jokes admissible is not known, but his ritual-loving presence is felt somewhat heavily in Mr. Siepmann's novel. However, apart from the obviousness of the types and the necessity for every joke being about either the amount of money wasted, or the liberties taken with history, *Waterloo in Wardour Street* is an amusing variation. The placing of events in Elstree and London make a change. Mr. Siepmann writes with ease and zest, and anyone who has suffered that peculiar choking sensation caused by witnessing a British film will be grateful to him.

> The glorious passage of Henry VIII upon the screen had opened up a market. It had done more: it had provided them with a formula. This jolly monarch, with his bevy of pretty, cockney wives, had produced a state of affairs in which foreign newspapers spoke of "the idea of the English gentleman" as Britain's most profitable export.

The climax of the book occurs when some of the literary celebrities who have been at work on scenes from the pageant of English history read out their efforts in the rooms of a famous historian in Oxford.

> The Duke of Bagshot and the Hon. John Englishman stand outside Baggs, the old castle which has been the family seat for generations.
>
> *Duke:* "Well, John, you are going to do your duty for your country. Think of your old father, while you are over there; and think, I beg you, of your gentle neighbour. (John blushes.) Aye, Lady Patricia! My boy, why have you waited so long to pop the question?"

Strange Coast belongs to the curious group of "minority" novels, novels that are written against democracy, against the Treaty of Versailles, and in favour of the magical, patriarchal and disappearing existence of liberty-loving nationalists. There have been novels about Macedonians, Ukrainians, Berbers, Baltic barons, in this spirit. Here is one about Caucasians. It is an exciting adventure story, extremely well-informed about Russians, Communists, Financiers, Turks and Mayfair ladies, and might have been written by a discontented young diplomat. The descriptions of the Caucasus are very fine, and there is a fatalism about the last revolt of the Meshkians that places the book well above the ordinary week-end thriller.

There are days when a reviewer approximates more and more to that robot figure on Brighton pier, who wheedles passers-by in a brassy sub-human voice, and when they put a coin down his slot hands out a cardboard square of irrelevant and commonplace criticism. He can indeed say of his books, like the sundial of his hours "*vulnerant omnes; ultima necat*," and in this case quite a severe blow was dealt by Mr. Linton C. Hopkins. *The Candle* is an American thriller, an obvious imitation of Dashiel Hammett, which depends for its effects on a cyclic method, by which the same crime is approached to the reader and then whisked away, later to appear again, and on the hero's long sentimental conversations with his dog. They even get drunk together. The hero is a half-witted lawyer, honest as the page is long. Who committed these mysterious crimes? Perhaps one of you who cares to finish the book will write and tell me. Meanwhile there remains a sentence which I must quote for its haunting confusion:

> The lift-boy was a very intelligent-looking young coloured woman. She craned her neck round the door. "Going up," she announced. Seeing no other prospective passenger, she moved the lever, and the lift started on its north-bound journey.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

WHO PAYS

by

IAN MILLER

Author of "*School Tie*"

"After that they fished, while the soft smell of clover stole over them from the field behind, and the shadows lengthened. They caught no fish.

. . .

Mac never wasted time keeping up disappearances. He said he was going and went.

. . .

'These fatuous women', thought Sally bitterly, 'all gin and italics'.

. . .

There was one very funny story in which Mac and a husband and a linen cupboard were all involved. Mac stayed in, so nothing came out."

Some Random Quotations from the Book.

The Press on the Author

"Mr. Miller has an excellent touch for light comedy."—*Evening Standard.* "There is something special about Mr. Miller's style."—*Morning Post.* "A man to watch."—B.B.C. *The Sphere* compares him with Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse.

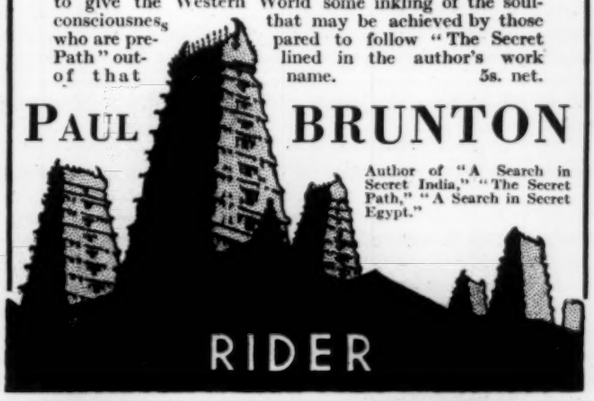
From All Booksellers & Libraries . . . 7/6 net

NEWNES

Darkness dwells in Temples made by hands, but "lovely upon the mountains are the feet of those that bring glad tidings."

A MESSAGE FROM ARUNACHALA

ARUNACHALA Hill, in South India, has a high status in Indian sacred tradition, and Tamil legends hold that it is far more ancient than the Himalayas, which are known to be of later origin. At the base of Arunachala (which is Sanskrit for "Red Mount" or "Hill of Light") abides the last of the Maharishees of India, of whom we heard much in "A Search in Secret India." This book is due indirectly to his inspiration and endeavours to give the Western World some inkling of the soul-consciousness that may be achieved by those who are prepared to follow "The Secret Path" outlined in the author's work of that name. 5s. net.



PAUL BRUNTON

Author of "A Search in Secret India," "The Secret Path," "A Search in Secret Egypt."

RIDER

TRUSLOVE & HANSON

FOR

ALL BOOKS

reviewed or advertised in "The New Statesman"

ALWAYS

Of especial interest at the moment are :—

INSIDE EUROPE by John Gunther	12/6 net
RUFUS ISAACS by Stanley Jackson	12/6 net
SPARKENBROKE by Charles Morgan	8/6 net
NEW WRITING, Vol. I, edited by John Lehmann	6/- net

Monthly List of New Publications post free on request.

14a, CLIFFORD STREET
LONDON, W.1

BOOKS BOOKS

THE CHALLENGE GALLERY
92, GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W.C.1

CHILDREN'S MINDS can be moulded by BOOKS & PICTURES

We keep a very carefully selected stock of books for and about children. Legends of Saints and Heroes; Fairy Tales, Animal Stories; For parents—child psychology, religion, sex. Pictures for the Schoolroom, Playroom and Nursery—bright, decorative and inexpensive—may be had, framed or unframed. Beauty and brightness should surround the child—they are the keynote to our productions.

THE ILLUSION OF IMMORTALITY

by CORLISS LAMONT

Mr. Julian Huxley says: "Mr. Lamont has produced a scholarly and valuable book. It is interesting not only to the student of religious problems, but as a study in social philosophy. His wide range of subject matter and his restrained and logical treatment should assure the book a wide circle of readers." Professor Harold J. Laski writes: "I thought Mr. Lamont's book one of the most illuminating discussions of the subject I have read in many years."

8s. 6d. *net*

MECHANISTIC BIOLOGY & ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR

by THEODORE H. SAVORY, M.A.

The writer of this book (well known as the author of *The Biology of Spiders, The Arachnida*, etc.) has spent many years in investigating the habits of spiders and kindred animals, and presents the result in readily understandable form. His work has largely been concentrated on an attempt to find answers to the questions: "Are all animals machines? Do they respond blindly and mechanically to changes in their environment without any use of reasoning power?"

7s. 6d. *net*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN RELIGION

by H. J. BRIDGES, D.Litt.

The world is in a state of rapid change, and religion is changing with it. Dr. Bridges considers various noteworthy phenomena in science and literature, and gives an inspiring vision of the "religion of humanity" towards which he thinks present tendencies are leading.

7s. 6d. *net*

The latest volumes of the

THINKER'S LIBRARY

"The World's Greatest Little Books"

DO WHAT YOU WILL

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

"It is inspired stuff and worth a hundred per cent. its published price." *Isis.*

CLEARER THINKING

LOGIC FOR EVERYMAN

by A. E. MANDER

"Whatever will aid us to think clearly is welcome, and the finest aid of all is undoubtedly an understanding of the fundamental principles of thought. Such knowledge is given in attractive form by A. E. Mander in "Clearer Thinking."—*Derby Evening Telegraph.* "Another plain, straightforward guide through the jungle of Fact and Theory by the author of 'Psychology for Everyman (and Woman).'" *Daily Herald.*

Clothette, each **1/-** net, by post 1/3

Send for Complete Catalogue and gratis copy of THE LITERARY GUIDE (monthly 3d.)

LONDON: WATTS & CO.

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E. C. 4

SEXUAL TECHNIQUE

A Marriage Manual. A Practical Guide Book to Sex and Marriage. By HANNAH and ABRAHAM STONE. *Gollancz & Lane.* 7s. 6d.

The authors of this book are two American doctors, and the editor, " Michael Fielding," is an English doctor and journalist of deservedly high repute. He is the writer of what is probably the best and most straightforward contraceptive handbook published in this country.

Sex and marriage are subjects which few of us can approach without prejudice—so much depends on individual temperament and personal experience. To the philosophic-minded, therefore, dogmatism whether enunciatory or denunciatory is hard to justify. For creatures such as we are, living in a world conditioned as is this world, the issue between convention and frankness is not a simple one. Consequently, concerning such a book as this, almost opposite views may be taken by equally serious and informed persons with equal honesty.

Most people who have reflected on the subject have now come to realise that more harm than good resulted from our grandparents' attempts to make a somewhat indecent mystery of the biological phenomena associated with sex. But the pendulum would seem —after the manner of pendulums—to have swung a long way past the middle point of sanity and wholesomeness. Far better, in the opinion of many of us, the stupid old reticences, even with the occasional pruriencies that went with them, than the exaggerated dissecting-room exhibitionism that is now fashionable in some not uninfluential quarters.

A Marriage Manual is an expository text-book of the coital art. After a detailed—unnecessarily and unpleasantly detailed, I would say—account of the sex anatomy and sex physiology of men and women, a full analysis is given of physical sex congress, with advice whereby coitus may be effected even by the unimaginative, the instinctively weak, the emotionally stagnant and the physically abnormal. Numerous tips are given for increasing desire and satisfaction by various manoeuvres. As to the exposition, the editor is justified in saying that it " is lucid, interesting and precise ; and the authors achieve the difficult feat of combining extreme simplicity with scientific accuracy." The book is written in the form of a dialogue between an over-informative doctor and a young couple contemplating marriage. The young couple ask the questions, and the doctor gives the replies, which make up the bulk of the book—a dialogue after the manner of certain well-known advertisements. We are told in the Introduction that this manual is " the best Baedeker to matrimony that has ever been published," but one cannot help wondering if the effect likely to be produced on the minds of Mr. and Miss Everyman—to whose strange and often strangely prurient questions the answers are here given—is exactly what the authors and editor optimistically foretell. The physical manifestations of sex are not the only or the most important phenomena of love, or even of " marriage," nor is sense gratification its foremost conscious aim. Unhappy marriages far more often result from boredom or irritation consequent on lack of spiritual, aesthetic and intellectual sympathy, than from the sort of " difficulties " discussed in this book. It is not a work that will help the aesthetically, spiritually and physically healthy ; and, presumably, it is not for these that it has been written. It is obvious, however, that there is a growing public of intellectually cultivated persons who will welcome it, and possibly be helped by it. No one who comes into intimate contact with many men and women born at a period near to the beginning of this century can fail to have been struck by the frequency with which disappointment and unhappiness are explained by the victims as consequent on sexual disharmony on the physical plane. It is very hard for a normally constructed person to form a just opinion as to the validity of this assumption.

Had the volume been otherwise titled, much of this criticism would have been irrelevant. *A Marriage Manual* is concerned almost entirely with the physical aspects of sex and with physical sexual disharmonies and difficulties. Some readers, almost certainly, will be offended—even disgusted—by many passages in the book. In most cases, this reaction will not be due to the actual information given, but by reason of the implicit assumption (in spite of one or two asides to the contrary) that sensual enjoyment and satisfaction is the be-all and end-all of love and marriage. Our " crude " ancestors found out the fallacy of that. " There's more goes to marriage," their coarse proverb has it, " than four bare legs in a bed." An unfortunate definition of love, by Havelock Ellis—" a synthesis of lust and friendship "—is quoted by the authors as adequate. Here we have the explanation of what seems to me fundamentally wrong with the point of view which this book illustrates. Biologic sex-urge is a normal and healthy constituent of sex-love. Lust—that is a conscious desire for sense-gratification through the medium of sex—is love's antithesis.

The book raises one or two other problems. Seeing that the great majority of men and women, in common with the great majority of other animals, experience no conscious difficulty in expressing their inborn sex impulses, is it socially desirable that all and sundry should be invited to contemplate the many pathological aberrancies and partial impotencies from one or other of which an occasional individual suffers ? In the sexual sphere, this work closely corresponds with a book of the old-fashioned " Family Doctor " type. Like all such works, it is likely to put a lot of pathologic and perverse ideas into the heads of people hitherto perfectly satisfied with their life. HARRY ROBERTS

From S.P.C.K. List.

THE OLD TESTAMENT
A REINTERPRETATION
By S. A. COOK, F.B.A., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. **7s. 6d.**

The aim of this volume is to offer a reinterpretation of the significance of the Old Testament and of its humanist value. It leads the reader back from the English Bible to the growth of the Canon, text and contents, and indicates the steps in Biblical criticism.

(In conjunction with Messrs. W. Heffer and Son, Ltd.)

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE 1848-1907
By C. S. PHILLIPS, D.D., Formerly Fellow and Lecturer of Selwyn College, and Foundation Scholar of King's College, Cambridge. **12s. 6d.**

Dr. Phillips made his reputation as a historian by his former book on the Church in France from 1789 to 1848. He now takes up the story to 1907 when the modern period of the French Church begins.

ROBERT GROSSETÊTE
The Defender of Our Church and Our Liberties.
Written and illustrated by B. C. BOULTER
4 Illustrations. **5s.**

A short and scholarly biography of the great Bishop of Lincoln, who played so important a part in English history.

BIBLICAL COSTUME
With Adaptions for Use in Plays.
By MARION LOGAN WRIGHT

In Four Parts. Each Part **1s.** Parts i-iv in a volume **3s. 6d.**, with numerous illustrations

Part I. PALESTINIAN
,, II. ROMAN COSTUME, THE WISE MEN, AND ANGELS
,, III. HEBREW, EGYPTIAN, ASSYRIAN AND PERSIAN
,, IV. BEARD MAKING, STENCILLING, &c.

The object of these books is to give authentic information of Biblical dress (in so far as it is possible to do so), with suggestions for inexpensive stage reproduction.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE
Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.2

SOMETHING NEW IN PERIODICALS

New Writing. I. Edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *Lane.* 6s.

New Writing, edited by Mr. John Lehmann, will appear twice yearly ; and he and his publishers have had the excellent idea of producing this periodical in volume form, so that for 6s. we buy a book of 250 pages, admirably printed and bound, instead of the usual overgrown magazine, cluttered with editorials, comments and reviews of books many months old. Some permanence goes with a stiff cover, and to judge from this first number, which is refreshingly free from the usual parade of literary first-nighters, *New Writing* will be worth buying and keeping. The title presumably was chosen partly to emphasise its periodical nature, but although it fits the contents, I wish that Mr. Lehmann could have found another. There are *New Verse*, *New Stories*, *New Country* already ; *New Writing* has something in common with them, but the new-minded public will not go on expanding indefinitely. However, that's not a serious criticism, and Mr. Lehmann really has succeeded in producing something fresh and

Company Meeting

SPILLERS LIMITED

THE RT. HON. SIR MALCOLM A. ROBERTSON'S ADDRESS

The Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm A. Robertson, Chairman of Spillers Limited, presiding at the Annual General Meeting of the Company on May 2nd at Cardiff, preceded his remarks on the Balance Sheet by extending a welcome on behalf of the Stockholders to Mr. Forbes, on his first attendance at a General Meeting of the Company since taking his seat on the Board. He explained that the 5½ per cent. Ten-year Sinking Fund Notes outstanding at the 31st January, 1935, had been redeemed, and that item accordingly disappeared from the Balance Sheet. At the date of the Balance Sheet there was a call outstanding on a British Government security amounting to £930,000, which was accordingly shown separately under the heading Investments. The call having since been met, the security was now fully paid. Freehold and leasehold properties were slightly less than last year, which was due to the fact that expenditure on capital account during the year was less than the annual depreciation written off together with the £50,000 appropriated from profits as an additional provision for obsolescence.

THE WHEAT MARKET

The Wheat Market during the year had presented the usual, as well as a few new problems. There had been sharp fluctuations, but the general price level at the end of the Company's financial year was substantially higher than that twelve months earlier. Canada was now regaining her place as an exporter of wheat to Europe, and her carry-over should be substantially reduced from the formidable figure at which it had stood for the past few years.

Another feature of the Wheat Market was the increasing degree of control being exercised by Governments of the countries of origin, which rendered the accurate forecasting of world markets very difficult. Meanwhile the policy of the Company remained unchanged. Wheat was bought according to requirements, the element of speculation being reduced to a minimum. With regard to the food supply of the country in time of emergency, it had recently been alleged that the total stock of wheat in port granaries amounted to about ten days' to a fortnight's supply of flour. That figure, however, took no account of wheat and flour held by millers, importers and bakers, and with these stocks added a more reliable estimate would be about three months' supply.

ACQUISITION OF MESSRS. S. & T. TROUNSON, LTD., AND MESSRS. E. C. ROBSON & SONS, LTD.

During the year, the Company had acquired the issued share capital of S. & T. Trounson, Ltd., of Redruth, Truro, and Falmouth, and had recently concluded negotiations which led to the acquisition of the issued share capital of E. C. Robson & Sons, Ltd., Flour Millers, of Sunderland.

Record deliveries had again been achieved in all sections of the Company's Animal and Poultry Foods Department. Sales of Spillers' Dog Foods had again established a new high record.

The building of the new mill at Newcastle was progressing satisfactorily, and it was hoped that it would be in operation within two years.

Mr. Walter Allen had retired from the Board of the Company at the end of January last, after completing fifty years' service, including twenty years as a Director.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

FOYLES

Booksellers to the World

We can supply all

BOOKS

reviewed or advertised in "The New Statesman."

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: Gerrard 5660 (12 lines).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs
One Year, post free - - - 30s. 0d.
Six months „ „ - - - 15s. 0d.
Three „ „ - - - 7s. 6d.
All communications should be addressed:
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, *The Week-end Review*,
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

By Royal Command

His Majesty The King has been graciously pleased to command that The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, shall henceforth be known as The Royal Cancer Hospital (free).

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM RD., LONDON, S.W.3

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

Why not tackle it yourself?

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

AN Inferiority Complex is a disturbance in the Subconscious Mind which manifests itself in self-consciousness, nerves, fears, and other personality-weaknesses, which are, in fact, symptoms of "something wrong" within your personality which you can put right—the effect of conflicting forces within yourself or the result of some emotional experience of some destructive influence during your personality-development. Such experiences may be entirely forgotten, they may have acted too early for your memory to retain, but their effects remain in the form of a "disturbance centre" in Subconsciousness which sends out *powerful negative impulses, overcoming and paralysing your positive impulses*, denying you the pleasures of achievement and the joys of living. *You cannot control these impulses*—to attempt to fight them by direct effort only serves to increase their strength—but *you can, through Auto-psychology, remove them altogether* by eradicating from your Subconscious Mind the trouble from which they spring, building up in their place powerful positive impulses, generating forces within yourself which will help instead of hinder, which will carry you forward towards a happier, healthier, fuller, more successful life.

This you can do—yourself—simply, by your own efforts, in the privacy of your own home.

Write for FREE BOOK, "I can . . . and I will."

(All correspondence is confidential.)

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF PRACTICAL PSYCHOLOGY LTD.

1 (H.X.6.), LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

exciting. *New Writing* will be devoted chiefly to publishing imaginative prose, unsuitable in length or style for the established magazines, some poetry, no criticism; contributors will be paid, and anything up to 15,000 words will be considered. It "hopes to represent the work of writers from colonial and foreign countries." It bans Fascists, but is otherwise unpolitical. The first number is such an excellent advertisement of these aims that I imagine *New Writing* will be an immediate success.

One advantage of the volume form is that we are inclined to read it through, like a book, and not to dip here and there looking for familiar or unfamiliar names. The first two stories in *New Writing*—"The Launch," by Ralph Bates, and "The Novaks" by Christopher Isherwood—are quite first-class. Mr. Bates's manner will be known to those who have read *The Olive Field*, an immense advance in thought and style on his previous work, and "The Launch" is a good example of the sort of detachment which only a writer with a definite conviction can achieve. In this story he describes two simultaneous events in a fisherman's family, the birth of a child, the launching of a boat on the beach outside: each event is given its proper emphasis—which is that of necessity—and the two coincide without any emotional falsity or exaggerated significance.

"The Novaks" is the longest piece in the book, possibly 14,000 words, an "impossible" length for publishers and editors. I have read very little of Mr. Isherwood before, except in his collaboration with Mr. Auden, and I do not know how this story compares with his earlier writing; but its qualities seem to me remarkable. He has the gift of vivid easy narrative which yet, in a trivial incident or conversation, becomes typical of innumerable other such incidents without any loss of definition. He has, in fact, to an exceptional degree, the gift both for character and atmosphere. The working-class family described in "The Novaks" is vividly seen by the reader, while the sound of footsteps or banging doors, of voices from the courtyard, the damp walls, the visits of a sanitary inspector, the smell of cooking and bad drains, enlarge one's attention until not only this one overcrowded lodging but the whole of the tenement is present as one reads. The story begins:

> I found the Wassertorstrasse without much difficulty. The entrance to it was a big stone archway, a bit of old Berlin, daubed with hammers and sickles and Nazi crosses and plastered with tattered bills which advertised auctions or crimes. It was a deep, shabby, cobbled street, littered with sprawling children in tears. Youths in woollen sweaters circled waveringly across it on racing bikes and whooped at girls passing with milk-jugs. The pavement was chalk-marked for the hopping game called Heaven and Earth. At the end of it, like a tall, dangerously sharp, red instrument, stood a church.
>
> Frau Novak herself opened the door to me. She looked far iller than when I had seen her last, with big blue rings under her eyes. She was wearing the same hat and mangy old black coat. At first she didn't recognise me.
>
> "Good afternoon, Frau Novak."
>
> Her face changed slowly from poking suspicion to a brilliant, timid, almost girlish smile of welcome:
>
> "Why, if it isn't Herr Christoph! Come in, Herr Christoph! Come in and sit down."

That illustrates Mr. Isherwood's method, and his opening paragraphs, apart from anything else, have the essential quality of fixing the reader's attention and making him go on. He is unusually readable, and what is rare, he can be readable without diluting what he has to say. The situation—a young foreigner out of a job and with Communist sympathies living with a family in a Berlin tenement—has been treated often enough before; we may recognise the woman's cough, the husband with stories of the war which he acts gesticulating after supper, a restless irresistible son in his first flash suit; but here they are fresh individuals, moving vitally and surprisingly and not merely forming the setting for a story with which we have become over-familiar. "The Novaks" is only an interlude—the visit of a few weeks is over, and that's that—but it is as complete and packed as many full-length novels; and being less than a quarter their size, it is necessarily very much better.

After "The Novaks" I liked best the translation of Boris Pasternak's "1905" by Alec Brown, the four poems by Spender, and William Plomer's *Notes on a Visit to Ireland*. The volume has plenty of variety—stories, prose, poems, sketches, autobiographical fragments, by writers of a dozen nationalities, most of them good, all interesting. I very rarely found myself tempted to skip a page. If Mr. Lehmann can keep up this standard *New Writing* will deserve the sales of all our other literary periodicals put together.

G. W. STONIER

SHORTER NOTICES

The Miner's Two Bob. Edited by W. H. WILLIAMS. *Martin Lawrence.* 2s. 6d.

This little book is a trenchant statement of the miners' case by the Labour Research Department. It was written before the compromise which averted the threatened strike and gave the miners a good deal less than the "two bob" they were claiming. But it provides abundant evidence both of the justice and the practicability of that claim, and of the need to nationalise the coal industry, in the interest of the community as well as of the miners. The authors write from a Left wing point of view, but there is no essential difference between that and the point of view of the Right wing, or of the vast majority of people who have given intelligent thought to the coal scandal. The miserable condition of the British miners is pretty well known to everybody; the methods of the capitalist owners are less familiar, and the chapters in this book which analyse their policies and profits are very illuminating.

Rome, Republic and Empire. Vol. I. The Republic. By H. W. HOUSEHOLD. *Dent.* 3s. 6d.

Mr. Household's outline is designed as an introduction to Roman history for those "who know little or no Latin." Those who want a more detailed discussion of the collapse of Roman democracy will have small interest in his book. His survey, which treats of custom and religious belief in the light of recent anthropological research is, however, enlivened by a sense of the relevance of Roman development to many of the problems of our own world. As we read the history of Rome during the last years of the Republic, with the growth of its capitalistic monopolies, its demagogues, its staged elections, its dictators and their proscriptions, we are brought back again and again to our own more recent history. For the combines and trusts of to-day, resulting in widespread unemployment, have their parallel in the great slave-owning contractors of classical times, who undercut the small independent producer and established monopolies that "pauperised Italy and ruined Asia for the benefit of a little ring of Roman nobles and capitalists." Of the actual collapse of Roman democracy, Mr. Household remarks, laconically: "When it became manifest that senatorial rule could no longer administer an empire with efficiency or keep peace at home, the people found a remedy—as in some countries they are finding it to-day—not in more voting and more talking, but in the personal government of an individual." Mr. Household might have devoted more attention to the economic conditions that affected the lives of ordinary men and women under the Republic and less to vivacious descriptions of battles and strong men. The virtues of his little book are its price, readability and narrative verve.

This Small World of Mine. By SIR HECTOR LIVINGSTON DUFF. *Nelson.* 12s. 6d.

Here, in a form as novel as it is pleasing, is an autobiography which gives an intimacy without tedium and self-revelation without irrelevance. Sir Hector opens with the history and description of his "castle" in Scotland, which is really a commodious and substantial country house, the smaller part of which, in which he lives, dating from the fourteenth century, has granite walls eight feet thick, against which the storms of winter beat in vain. It is from this homely fortress, and from a temperament as fortified, that he writes of the world as he sees or has seen it, and of men and women as he finds them. Each chapter neatly rounds off some experience or some thought, whether it be the tyranny of a faithful servant, and the joys of winter sport when, frozen to the marrow and with water in your boots, you top up an otherwise unexciting day with a woodcock; or the more formidable tyranny of woman's logic; or a reflection on the aristocratic structure of human society; or the Germans in East Africa, where Sir Hector met and fought and respected them. Some of the stories are told in soliloquy and some, and perhaps the best, in dialogue, in which Sir Hector's womenfolk figure delightfully.

Week-end Competitions

No. 321

Set by William Bliss

Since Bishop Still wrote the first English Drinking Song (if he did write it) there haven't been as many good ones written as you would expect. Thomas Love Peacock's are about the last outstanding ones—and he is nearly 100 years dead. To correct this melancholy condition of things the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for the best Drinking Song. It may be in any metre and of any period—Gammer Gurtonish, Elizabethan, Caroline, Goliardish, Peacockian or Modern—but must have the true Bacchic afflatus. Twenty-four lines would be enough.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 15th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 319

Set by G. W. Stonier

At the recent exhibition of Chinese Art at Burlington House, one lady, after peering at an exhibit and studying the catalogue, remarked to another lady: "5000 B.C., my dear. Now why didn't they find things like that in England in 5000 B.C.?" The usual prizes will be offered for the best bloomer of this sort—foolish or charming, or both—preferably taken from life. To contributors who are ashamed of being autobiographical I may mention that during my first visit to Paris I went with an aunt to the Place de la Bastille and asked the gendarme on point duty to indicate the Bastille. He replied, "It *was* there."

Report by G. W. Stonier

I did not realise until after I had set it that this would prove to be a competition for backwoodsmen, for those who apparently read this page week after week with enjoyment, but rarely feel the impulse to enter. They had hesitated, perhaps, before the labours of composition, now was their chance. For some a postcard or ten lines of typescript sufficed; others sent me bundles of anecdotes, five or six together, so that the sixty-seven entrants between them provided something like 150 jokes, stories and howlers, from which I have had to choose. William Bliss and Allan M. Laing abstained.

One of the first letters I opened delighted me:

DEAR SIR

Our (well my best friend at the time a lady) bigest Blomer happened when we were once invited to a trade dinner the Band was playing and one man was giving a cornet solo The Lost Chord. The Boss sat next my lady he said to her the Lost Chord by Sullivan. My lady said Oh is that him I have heard him play a lot on the wireless, We parted Yours Sincerely

MARTIN WALSH

It fulfils all the conditions, delightfully: it is foolish and charming (did they really part?), and autobiographical with a unique flavour. I prefer Mr. Walsh's revelation to the carefully guarded superiority of some of the other contributors. Dare I give him the prize? What would the Editor, what would Messrs. Bliss and Laing say?

One reason, no doubt, why this competition has been so popular is that it provides people with the opportunity of being superior with the least expenditure of literary energy. No sonnet to write, no parody to be touched up; and it is always "the visitor" who drops the brick, "an old lady" who mutters imbecilities at the Tate Gallery, a busman who mistakes Nelson for Napoleon, an American who looks for lifts in the Colosseum or wonders why the castle was built so near the railway line—rarely the writer himself. For that reason, I liked the few personal admissions.

My first acquaintance with modern poetry was T. S. Eliot's *Poems* 1909–1925, when I read the notes under the impression that they also were poems. (DIGBY WILLOUGHBY)

How much less effective that would have been if Mr. Willoughby had said, "My aunt's first acquaintance with modern poetry, etc." Many competitors who write under their stories "taken from life" seem to have the same aunt.

However, superiority was called for, and it was so often put to good use that I find it difficult to select from a large number of entries which comforted and amused me:

The Cambridge graduate was describing her recent journey by train across Russia. "We were interested in the people that we saw at the stations. Most of them seemed to be of the middle and lower classes." (J. E. H.)

I was sitting with a rather charming girl resting after a game of tennis when, from the field beyond, there drifted over a most appalling odour. "What's making that ghastly smell," she said. "Oh!" I explained, "The farmer's spreading fish manure on his field." "Fish manure!" she exclaimed incredulously, "I didn't know you could use that. How do they collect it?" (C. E.)

It was Christmas time and a lady was admiring the artistic effect of the Crib which had been arranged for the children of the house: "How very pretty," she remarked, "but of course, Joseph and Mary were not really *poor* people; they only went to the inn, because the hotels were all full. Jesus could not have been born into a poor family." (ROSS)

● *A Book for the Broadminded!*

ALDOUS HUXLEY

writes of the

"ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE"

(670 pages and numerous illustrations)

● by **Drs. COSTLER, A. WILLY** and others, under the general editorship of, and with special chapters by, **NORMAN HAIRE, Ch.M., M.B.**

"WELL documented and accurate; as for the quantity of information it contains, that is enormous."—Aldous Huxley in "EVERYMAN."

● **CONTENTS**

INTRODUCTORY: The Evolution of Love, Description of the Male and Female Genital Organs.

BOOK I. Sexuality in Children, Sexual Enlightenment, Self-abuse amongst the Young, Consequences of Self-abuse, Puberty, From Girlhood to Puberty, From Adolescence to Manhood.

BOOK II. Love, Falling in Love, Sex Appeal, Kissing and Physical Courtship, The Sexual Act, Defloration.

BOOK III. The Miracle of Procreation, Determination of Sex, Hygiene of the Pregnant Woman, Psychology of the Pregnant Woman, Relief of Pain in Childbirth, The Care of the Mother in Childbed, Premature Labour, Miscarriage, and Abortion.

BOOK IV. The "Safe-period," Barrenness and Sterility, The Prevention of Conception, Impotence in Man, Frigidity in Woman, The Uselessness of Aphrodisiacs, The Change of Life in Man and Woman, The Problem of Rejuvenation.

BOOK V. Sexual Aberrations and Perversions-Sexual inversions of Aim and Object. Their Prevention and Cure.

BOOK VI. Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Avoidance of Venereal Disease, Other Disorders of the Sexual Organs, Non-venereal Diseases of Women.

APPENDIX. Prostitution in England, The White Slave Traffic, Bibliography, Index.

● **WHAT THE PRESS THINKS:**

"NEW STATESMAN AND NATION."—The Encyclopædia edited by Dr. Haire contains a mass of information which needs to spread. It includes accounts of the physiology of the genital organs, the technique of their conjunction, contraception, pregnancy, male impotence, female frigidity, the change of life, venereal diseases, prostitution, sexual abnormalities, and almost every other sexual subject. They (the Authors) are lucid unshocked, eminently sensible. *Raymond Mortimer.*

"TIME AND TIDE."— . . . Sex is mostly furtive . . . It is largely the result of ignorance and certainly no one who gets through these six hundred pages can ever be ignorant again about the physiological details of sex. . . . Excellent for Doctors and Psychologists . . . *John Beevers.*

"PUBLIC OPINION."— . . . every aspect is sincerely dealt with from the scientific and physical side, and with the restraint which a text book of this type should possess.

"THE LITERARY GUIDE."—The book certainly contains a mass of information with which large numbers of people are unfamiliar. It is very comprehensive and frank, and almost every conceivable aspect of sex is dealt with in its six hundred odd pages.

"HEALTH AND STRENGTH."—I have reviewed many books on matters appertaining to SEX within the pages of "Health and Strength" but I have certainly never had any book brought to my notice which I can more heartily recommend than the "Encyclopædia of Sexual Knowledge" . . . It is a book that will last a lifetime. It is a book I would like to see in every home, read by every husband and wife.
They will be getting the FINEST BOOK I HAVE EVER READ ON THE SUBJECT OF SEXUAL HYGIENE. *Thomas Bowen Partington, F.I.L., F.R.E.S.*

"THE SCHOOLMASTER AND WOMAN TEACHER'S CHRONICLE."—This book gives all the essential knowledge that any layman (or woman) needs on all aspects of the subject; and it gives the knowledge in a matter-of-fact manner, without sentimentality or gush . . .

"THE LISTENER."—It covers the ground thoroughly and gives up-to-date information . . .

"THE MEDICAL OFFICER."—This monumental book may be recommended not only as a reference book but also for purposes of sex education. There is, besides, a very full index and bibliography for those who want to probe deeper into the sources of scientific research.

● **SPECIAL OFFER**

1 Owing to the unprecedented demand from readers of the "New Statesman" for this informative work, the publishers are continuing to offer the Encyclopædia on "subscriber's terms." The complete 36/- work will therefore be sent under plain cover and post free on receipt of 29/6 only. (If C.O.D. 31/3.)

2 Also obtainable on simple deferred terms on first payment of 8/-. Ask for particulars of instalment terms.

FRANCIS ALDOR

4(N), BUCKNALL ST., NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2

"What is the record?" asked the visitor, listening to our new gramophone. "It's the overture to *The Flying Dutchman*." There was a long pause of appreciative listening, then . . . "Marvellous, isn't it? Why, you can just imagine it puffing out of the station."
(E. J. CRUNDALL)

On leaving a cinema after seeing a film based on Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, I remarked to the young lady who had accompanied me: "Well, if those were the conditions in Tsarist Russia I don't wonder they had a revolution." To which I received the reply: "Did they?"
(GEOFFREY C. SILSBY)

At the Italian Exhibition. I happened to pass two elderly ladies in front of Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* and heard one of them say: "What is that?" After a moment's scrutiny, the other replied: "Oh, the Assumption of the Virgin, I suppose," and with that they passed on to the next picture. (A. SYLVIA SCOTT-PLUMMER)

Heard in Athens. "They have shown us the Acropolis, but we have not seen the Four Horsemen." (JOHN MONROE)

"The Downs *are* rather breezy, aren't they?" remarked the visitor. "Well," said the rustic, "in olden days we had plenty of windmills and the wind had something to do. Now the windmills are gone and the wind just blows about as it likes." (E. F. GRAY)

The list of stupidities begins to shade into pure jokes. Where is one to draw the line? This might have pleased Samuel Butler—

A small boy, who had heard a tenor sing "Comfort ye, My people" from Handel's *Messiah*, said, when questioned afterwards, that "the song" was called "Come to tea." (HAROLD RUTLAND)

—but, like some of the others, it is not quite the sort of bloomer I was hoping for. The real *bêtise* is weightier, more solemn and depressing. "Bouvardia" and John Justice send in the following, which are attested with names and dates, etc, and which deserve permanence:

A former Australian High Commissioner whose *gestes* are still treasured was invited by a South African Minister to address a meeting of (*a*) Hindus and (*b*) Mohammedans who were aggrieved by the conditions of their employment in South Africa. Entirely forgetful of the White Australia policy, he effectively took their minds off their troubles by bluffly advising them to come to the Commonwealth and consume (*a*) Australian beef and (*b*) Australian wine. (BOUVARDIA)

A coroner and his jury, having concluded the hearing of evidence in a case, returned the following verdict: "Child, three months old, found dead, but no evidence whether born alive." Believe it or not, this actually happened, and was reported by Dr. Ogle before the Committee of the House of Commons on Death Certification. (JOHN JUSTICE).

It is difficult to assign the usual prizes. I suggest that John Justice, Bouvardia, Ross, and E. F. Gray divide a second prize of two guineas (half a guinea each), and that a first prize of one guinea goes to Martin Walsh. I find, by the way, that I have done an injustice to Allan M. Laing, who has sent a postcard after all.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

I have not forgotten the Football Competition (which carries with it my handsome prize of one guinea) but before awarding the prize I should like to try out some of the entries. Here is Mr. Hugh Gardner's, submitted "with some diffidence":

PROBLEM 176.—THE CONVICT'S CUP

The new governor of Dartstone, anxious to inculcate the team spirit amongst the various classes of criminal under his charge, offered a cup for a football competition. Each team that entered was to play every other team once; two points were awarded for a win, one for a draw, none for a loss. If two teams were equal on points, their position in the league table would be decided on goal average.

Six teams entered—Assassins, Blackmailers, Drunkards, Forgers, Incendiaries, and Thieves, and they finished the season in alphabetical order, each team having the same goal average. The sensation of the season was provided by the last game, in which the Thieves defeated the Assassins, who had, up to then, won every match; 24 goals were scored in the entire competition. The season closed with the presentation of the cup, which was unfortunately missing, owing to the activities of the Thieves.

Construct the League Table giving the result of every match.

PROBLEM 174.—WHO KILLED HOOPINKOFF?

(*Mr. A. G. Stripps' solution*)

The only reconstruction of the movements of the characters in this "crime" which will fit all the facts is as follows:

Hoopinkoff must either have changed trains at Clapham Junction or alighted from the first train at Queen's Road at 10.55, walked to Battersea Park, and caught the second train there at 11.3. If he changed trains at Clapham Junction, he was at that station from 10.58 till 11.6. But he was murdered at 11.4; and the possibility that the murderer could conceal the body and avoid suspicion for two minutes and then put it on the second train may be dismissed. It is clear then, that Hoopinkoff was murdered in the second train one minute after it had left Battersea Park for Clapham Junction.

By whom?

Champagni left Clapham Junction by train at 10.43 and can only have gone to Vauxhall. Moreover, he must have returned from Vauxhall by the 10.52, a train on which it must be remembered Hoopinkoff was also travelling. The circumstantial evidence points strongly to the fact that Champagni's share in the crime was to persuade Hoopinkoff to leave this train and proceed to Battersea Park. As he had, however, no further opportunity of making contact with Hoopinkoff, he cannot have been the actual murderer.

Benzolini, seen entering Battersea Park Station with another man at 11 o'clock, must have alighted there at 10.52. Who was his companion? Not Alcoholi, according to the witness; and not Champagni, who was at that moment in the subway at Clapham Junction. It can only have been Hoopinkoff, whom Benzolini had met (at 10.56) between Queen's Road and Battersea Park. But Benzolini, seen at Queen's Road at 11.9, cannot have left Battersea Park with Hoopinkoff at 11.3, and therefore he cannot have been the actual murderer.

It follows that Alcoholi must have struck the fatal blow; and it is clear that he had full opportunity of doing so, merely by changing platforms at Battersea Park Station between 10.52 and 11.3, catching Hoopinkoff's train, and leaving it (this would present no difficulty) at Clapham Junction at 11.6.

Champagni must have broken his journey at Clapham Junction, in order—it may reasonably be supposed—to wait for Benzolini and Alcoholi. Probably all three travelled together from Clapham Junction to Putney, and no doubt the occasion was one for mutual congratulation on the success of the plot.

PROBLEM 173.—RED AND WHITE

There are 15 red balls and 9 white ones. Originally bag A contains 6 red and 3 white balls, and bag B 9 red and 6 white balls; subsequently 3 red balls are transferred from bag B to bag A.

This is a difficult problem, and I doubt if it can be solved other than by trial (within the ambit of the relevant formula). The starting-point of investigation is the number 13 in the numerator of one fraction.

PROBLEM 172.—DATES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Dr. Margaret S. Pollard, The Ropewalk, St. Mawes, Cornwall.

Five points are awarded.

PROBLEM 171.—ADVENTURE ISLAND

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: John Procter, 23 Springfield Road, Windsor, Berks.

Six points are awarded. CALIBAN

The Advantages of a Banking Account

A BANKING ACCOUNT WITH THE C.W.S. BANK ENSURES:

Convenient and easily provable payments of accounts.
Excellent interest coupled with moderate and easily ascertainable Commission. Safe custody of documents, deeds and other valuables, free of charge.
The use of one or more of over 2,500 Co-operative Society Agencies.

AND MANY OTHER SERVICES.

INQUIRIES TO

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office: 1 Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:

99 Leman Street, London, E.1; 42 Kingsway, London, W.C.2; and Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.

West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
(University of London),
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1.

The Council of Bedford College invite applications for the following post, open to men and women equally, vacant as from 1st October, 1936:—

Lecturer in the Department of Latin.

Candidates must have an Honours degree in Classics. Salary £350–£500.

Initial salary may be higher than the minimum of scale if warranted by candidate's experience.

Last date for receiving applications 27th May, 1936. For further particulars apply to the SECRETARY.

THE JOINT AGENCY FOR WOMEN TEACHERS.

The official agency of the Headmistresses' Association, Association of Assistant Mistresses, Welsh Secondary Schools Association, and the Association of Headmistresses of Recognised Private Schools.

Apply to Miss K. B. Anderson, M.A., Registrar, 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1. 'Tel.: Museum 0656—9.

INTERNATIONAL university organisation offers two-year post to young graduate of ability and initiative desiring responsible and varied work; £250 and trav. exps. Apply I.S.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

WANTED. A cook-housekeeper for small school (mainly boys) in beautiful surroundings on Yorkshire coast. Must be kindly and intelligent. Apply stating qualifications and experience to THE PRINCIPAL, Fyling Hall School, Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire.

YOUNG MAN (24) speaking fluently French, Dutch, *and* German, desires to work for International Socialism. Box 162, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG woman, 21, wants interesting work. Recently returned from three years in Germany. Fluent German and French; own typewriter; some business experience, well-read and can write good English. Would like to be trained for journalistic or political work. Box 161, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO LITERARY AGENTS, etc. Intelligent young woman (24) B.A. (London) with 2½ years' experience in literary agency, requires similar work. Box 164, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN Socialist, graduate, seeks post, temp. or perm., part or full-time. Secretarial, organising, editorial exp. Box 165, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PROVINCIAL Solicitor's Son, exceptional educational advantages, some knowledge languages, literary tastes, requires private secretarial position, or with Author, Educationalist or Progressive Society. Box 169, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PRIVATE TUITION

NORMAN WILLIAMS, bass-baritone, B.B.C., Covent Garden, Queen's Hall, Albert Hall, etc., teaches operatic and dramatic singing. Tel.: Richmond 3911.

INVIGORATING EXERCISE for Spring Days. Riding taught in Central London. 7 lessons £2. Box 123, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

LIVING in inner London even in the best flat is bad for physical and mental health, especially of children. Living in the country is difficult and sometimes dull. Welwyn (30 minutes King's Cross) is a successful attempt to combine economically the advantages of town and country. It is a beautifully designed town, of limited size, surrounded by unspoiled and protected country. Good schools; shops; cinema; theatre; inexpensive sports. Houses for sale from £895 (special purchase terms available) or to let from 23*s.* 6*d.* per week inclusive. Write N. S. WILLIAMS, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts, for full particulars.

BUCKS. For sale, £1,300 Freehold, delightful modern Cottage with studio; garden ¾ acre, electricity, Co.'s water. Very quiet, near Chess Valley. Write: HARE, Garway, Amersham Common.

FURNISHED Cottage, 6 months June 1st; 35*s.* 3 bedrooms. Unsuburban Penn country, near station. Friendly community, tennis courts. NEWELL, Jordans, Bucks.

WEEK-END COTTAGE in remote Essex (8 miles Suffolk border) for sale, freehold, £250. Date about 1660. Thatch in excellent condition. Half-acre garden; roses, vegetables, fruit-trees, bulbs. Additional large room in garden, suitable studio or ping-pong. Bargain. Box 130, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO BE SOLD. Attractive thatched 6-roomed cottage, modern, bathroom, etc., near Hemel Hempstead. 2 garages, stabling (3 loose boxes, etc.), garden, paddock, 3 acres; £1,300. HANN, Hartsbourne, West Clandon, Surrey.

COUNTRY Cottage, Heal's furniture, 4 bedrooms, electricity, Ideal boiler, secluded garden. To let two or three weeks June. 3 guineas. SHEARER, "Cranford," Jordans, Bucks.

SUSSEX. To Let Furnished, May to Sept., Modern Cottage. Two bedrooms, large sitting-room, kitchen, bathroom, w.c., garage. Delightful high country 4 miles from Horsham. 3 *gns.* weekly. Box 158, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PROFESSIONAL OR PRIVATE OCCUPATION BLOOMSBURY. Unfurnished house 9/10 rooms, including double drawing room, 5 bedrooms (3 h. & c.), French windows open into private garden where you can breakfast in sun and have tea in shade of plane trees. No dark rooms; easy escape from fire; no beetles. Lease 11 years. Fullest particulars please write Box 391, SELLS ADVERTISING, 14 Lancaster Place, Strand, W.C.2.

1–2 rooms not reqd., plsnt., house lovely postn. Chilterns, and/or attractive, detached room in acre gdn., offers various possibilities. Suggestions invited. Might supply need widower with child, single person wanting real home yet opportunity, privacy. Vegtn. pref. Mod. con., tel. garage. Box 160, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED near Underground or 'bus connection 10 minutes Blackfriars, unfurnished small studio or large light room, sep. entrance and washbasin if possible. 20*s.* or 25*s.* week. Box 159, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PIANIST would give £100 for 1 year's tenure, absolutely quiet, comfortable room in London. Box 150, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

VERY ATTRACTIVE Cottage-style house for sale in highest part Hampstead Garden Suburb. 4 bedr'ms; large lounge, pleasant kitchen and dining room; large garden, no garage. Quick sale essential. Box No. 172, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AVAILABLE for Conference or Summer School August or early September. Capacity 100. Delightful situation. Derbyshire moorland. Apply KINGSMOOR SCHOOL, Glossop.

TO LET, during August. High Peak District of Derbyshire; large furnished Country House, suit large party or Summer School. Apply JOHN WILKINSON AND FISHER, F.A.I., Auctioneers, 1 Full Street, Derby.

LARGE furnd. room, piano, c.h., c.h.w., from 25*s.* 22 Belsize Ave., Hampstead. Prim. 1043.

TOP FLAT to let furnished, in a quiet Bloomsbury Square; 2 rooms and kitchen, use of bathroom; 30*s.* 'Phone: Museum 8994, before 11.

WANTED to rent, within 40 miles radius of London, detached cottage or small house, 6 or 8 rooms, bathroom, garden, company's water. Box 166, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED for September, furnished or unfurnished bed-sitting-room for single woman in Warwick Avenue, or Regent Park District. Box 170, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

UNFURNISHED rooms to let above Restaurant in W.C. district. Service available. Moderate rent. Apply Box 171, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FURNISHED Garden Flat, 2 Doughty Street; 2 large, 2 small rooms, kitchenette, c.h.w.; £3. Telephone: Holborn 0706.

NR. WESTMINSTER ABBEY. Charming 18th cent. furnished flat. Roof garden. Electric light. Refrig. Every convenience. To let 3–6 mths. incl. August. Box 168, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LARGE 1st Floor Front furnished or partly divan room. Suit business lady. WEL 5049.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS., PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163–4.)

TRANSLATIONS. Foreign letters, articles, reports into idiomatic English. Promptness. Prices by arrangement. MRS. HOBMAN, 7 North Square, N.W.11. Tel: Speedwell 6396.

• MOSCOW
• VOLGA
• CRIMEA
• CAUCASUS

TOURS TO ALL PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE U.S.S.R. AT INCLUSIVE RATES FROM £1 PER DAY

Details from all Leading Travel Agencies, or

INTOURIST, LTD.
BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

Everything for Booklovers and Students

LAMLEY & CO.

The South Kensington Bookshop,

1, 3 & 5, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, S.W.7

ESTAB. 1873. KENSington 1276

All the important New Books of the Season in stock.
Let us send you our monthly list, or our recommendations of books on Special Subjects.

A Children's Room, with all the new and old Favourites.

Messrs. Lamley & Co. are pleased to give expert advice on the choice of Books for Presents, and for the supply of Libraries, Public, Private, School, or Village, for School Prizes, and Gifts.

Would you like a copy of

BOOKLOVERS' FARE

a catalogue of Rare and Distinctive Books containing many interesting modern items at very moderate prices? Sent free on request.

FRANK HOLLINGS, 7, Gt. Turnstile St., London, W.C.1
Opposite the "New Statesman" Office.

Ready shortly : free on request

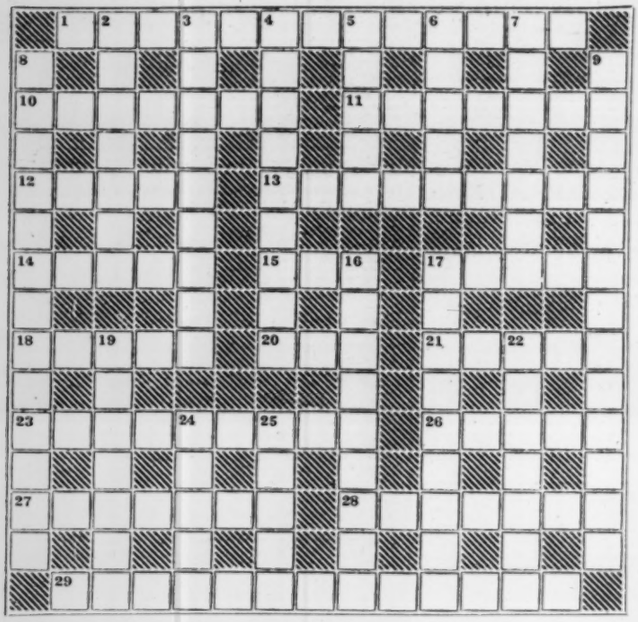
CATALOGUE No. 479 . Books on
PHILOSOPHY & ECONOMICS

BOWES BOOKSHOP • CAMBRIDGE

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
"Goddard's" Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/-
Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 322

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S

The last week's winner is
Miss Gadban, 16 Aubrey House, Maida Hill West, W.2

ACROSS

1. There is no association with it at Rugby.
10. A tool returned that belongs to me.
11. Clothing consisting largely of one undergarment.
12. Often one's last good word.
13. Many a mount may think it too cracked.
14. A Scottish writer holds a snake.
15. Company constituents.
17. The Pope upset by a bee.
18. Voluminous guide to searchers.
20. Always presents a crusty exterior.
21. Story telling is not so odd as this.
23. Legal proceedings to decide who won the Ashes perhaps.
26. Gas-filled sausage.
27. Condition of common people who receive lordly honours.
28. Visionary person whose glasses are not crystals.
29. It supported 15 men.

DOWN

2. St. Clement's made a ring about them.
3. Put double this number alongside.
4. One map the ancient kings of Egypt made.
5. A frequent associate of Bacon.
6. Sideways in church perhaps.
7. The reverse of choke down.
8. Copper instruments to play with.
9. In other words no side stepping.
16. How we stand in goloshes except for our feet.
17. Used for a tub scrub.
19. Gives one a justifiable complaint.
22. Shakespeare never observed their singularity.
24. See to it, Editor.
25. A gunner goes to the South in France.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

F	L	E	E	T	■	L	A	S	T	S	T	R	A	W
I	■	Q	■	A	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	A
R	O	U	N	D	H	E	A	D	■	V	A	P	I	D
S	■	I	■	P	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	E
T	O	P	H	O	L	E	■	W	A	R	R	I	O	R
H	■	■	■	L	■	D	■	A	■	U	■	N	■	■
A	R	C	H	E	S	■	M	Y	O	S	O	T	I	S
L	■	H	■	■	■	M	■	S	■	■	■	E	■	P
F	A	I	R	P	L	A	Y	■	C	R	A	D	L	E
■	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	F	■	A	■	■	■	E
R	I	S	O	T	T	O	■	R	E	D	L	E	A	D
E	■	T	■	I	■	F	■	I	■	I	■	X	■	W
F	O	R	C	E	■	W	I	D	E	A	W	A	K	E
I	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	C	■	L
T	O	P	S	T	O	R	E	Y	■	T	O	T	A	L

FAMOUS FIGURES

Sir John Hawkins, prominent figure among Elizabethan sea-captains, is reputed to be the first to introduce tobacco to England. After a voyage to Florida in 1565 he brought back tobacco and pipes smoked by the Indians.

Player's No. 3 is another figure easily remembered because of its merits, representing, as it does, a Cigarette of delightful mellowness and flavour, giving always that little extra quality so necessary for complete enjoyment by the critical smoker.

You can be sure Player's No. 3 are always Fresh. All packings are now supplied with protective wrapping.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

20 FOR 1'4 50 FOR 3'3 100 FOR 6'4 50 TINS PLAIN ONLY 3'4

3.P.3.1A.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL.

NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner 6s. 6d., a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic.: 7289.

44 NORFOLK SQUARE, W.2. Room, bath, breakfast, 6s. 6d. per night, h. & c., gas fires, electric light throughout. Minute Tube, 'buses. Paddington 8381.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-rooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

ASHDOWN FOREST, Sussex. Beautiful HOME for GUESTS, standing in 7 acres, restful; electric light, central heating; garage, tennis: The Clock House. Nutley, Sussex. Tele.: Nutley 96.

CHAPEL RIDDING, Windermere. Beautiful position. Large gr., garage, cent. heat, all comforts. Mod. terms.

NORTH WALES. For Ideal Holidays. Wonderful Mountain, Moorland, Maritime Scenery. Every possible facility for Indoor and Outdoor Sports, Pastimes and Amusements—Rest and Comfort. Send 3d. in stamps for Illustrated Guide to: SECRETARY, North Wales Holiday Resorts Association, Dept. 22, Bangor. Express Trains by L.M.S.—1½d. a mile 1st class. 1d. a mile 3rd class.

RESTFUL, quiet accommodation, old-world village, main water, drainage, c. h. w., efficient catering and service. Blossoming orchards, 'phone 52. Mrs. Mills, Cottage Farm, Smarden, Kent.

CORNWALL. On glorious west coast between St. Ives and Land's End. Several comfortable furnished cottages right on the cliffs to let for any period, holidays or residence. Grand spot, sandy bathing coves, delightful moorland country. Secure yours now for this summer. Terms and photos. MRS. SEVIER, The Bungalow, Pendeen.

BLACKPOOL. The Lynpark Private Hotel, New South Promenade. 'Phone: 41878. Facing sea. Comfortable lounge and sitting-room. H. and C., 28 bedrooms. Sea bathing from Hotel, golf 8 mins., tennis 5 mins. Electric lift, cent. heat. Chef cuisine. Garage. Terms, 10s. 6d. per day. MRS. M. E. JAMES, Resident Proprietress.

GALLOWAY. Comfort and good food (separate tables). Old farmhouse. Bathroom, h. and c. Garage. Easy reach sea, moors, hills. MRS. MENZIES, Drumdoch, Stranraer.

A New Enterprise in an Old House
HURTMORE FARM HOUSE
GODALMING
where you can have lunch, tea or dinner or stay for a night or a year.
An unspoilt but comfortable 16th-century house in fine country, just off the Guildford by-pass and half a mile from Charterhouse School. Reasonable terms for long residence. Address enquiries to: MRS. M. E. G. JONES.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE. Comfortable guest house, close to sea and country. Sep. tables, complete freedom; mod.; recomd. C.Y., Smith's Bookshop, Penzance.

TORQUAY, Hotel Villa Como, glorious sea views, h. & c., bedrooms, garage. Central. Terms 2 gns. weekly.

ACHILL, W. of Ireland, magnificent scenery, near safe bathing strand; incl. terms 50s. weekly. Well recommended. MISS LAVELLE, Dugort Hotel.

SLIEVEMORE Hotel, Achill Island, oldest established and largest Hotel on the Island, A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Safe bathing, boating, sea and lake fishing. Beautifully situated at the foot of Slievemore. Ideal centre for Excursions. Fully Licensed. Apply HOPE CLAPHAM.

ACHILL, W. of Ireland, finest coast scenery, 18 hrs. London, close Sea. Terms £2 10s. p.w., POSTMISTRESS, Dugort.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. and c. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

HIGHWOOD COUNTRY CLUB, 1½ m. behind Bexhill-on-Sea. Overlooking golf course. Cheerful, comfortable, every modern convenience. Tennis, Squash: glorious walks and drives. Licensed. Bexhill 236.

RUSSELL Hotel, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, facing common. Ideal for Spring and Summer. H. & C. From 3 gns.

CHILTERNS, WHEATSHEAF, OAKLEY, CHINNOR. Pleasant country inn. Good food, comfortable rooms, beautiful district.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

BORTH-Y-GEST and CAPEL CURIG, North Wales. Two ideally situated and highly recommended Guest Houses. Sea and mountain air. Conducted excursions (optional). Terms moderate. Illustrated brochure. S. KERR, "Towers," Capel Curig.

OXFORD, The Castle Hotel. For comfort, service and good food; meals served till 10 p.m., h. & c. all rooms. Bed, bath and breakfast from 7s. 6d. Special week-end terms.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

CARLYON BAY, CORNWALL. Stn. Par (G.W.R.); golf, covered and open-air tennis; squash rackets; shooting; fishing; badminton; glorious sea coast. THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL (St. Austell Bay Hotel), THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL, THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB. Also a few furnished cottages with grand sea views. Write: Dept. N.S., General Offices, Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par 198. London Office: 12a Charterhouse Square, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. MISS T. BLACKHAM, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

WEST HIGHLANDS. At Onich, 10 miles from Fort William, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe, there is a small, quiet and comfortable hotel where 20 charabanc trade is accepted. Full particulars from MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

SUSSEX. For quiet holiday in country village, near downs and sea; 35s. weekly. MRS. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, Nr. Emsworth, Hants.

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, lovely surroundings, bracing sunny situation. Excellent cuisine, diets a speciality. Separate tables, Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, GALEN LODGE.

WITHIN 3 miles West Sussex Golf Club. Delightful small guest house. Lovely downland country, riding and boating facilities near by, good cooking. Mod. The Pipers' Fancy, Coldwaltham, Pulborough, Sussex.

CORNWALL, Farmhouse, Lantivet Bay, beaches 5 min., comfortable, clean. Terms mod. ROSEVEARE, Frogmore, Fowey.

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswolds, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeare land, etc. Endless entertainment, sport for all. Illustrated guide free from DEPT. N.S., Town Hall, Cheltenham.

DELIGHTFUL Guest House, overlooking sea, with spacious rooms and grounds, within 4 miles of New Forest. All modern comforts, delicious meatless cuisine. Write for brochure. Gorse Cliff, Milford-on-Sea, Hants.

CORNWALL. Small comfortable guest-house in quaint fishing village. Near sea; lovely view. Modern conv: Mod. terms. Mount Pleasant, Mousehole, Penzance.

TOWER Windmill, Burnham Overy Staithe, on the north Norfolk coast. Bathing, boating, birds. Round rooms, 6 bedrooms (12 beds), 2 Elsan closets, good well. Garage. Apply H. C. HUGHES, Tunwell's Court, Trumpington Street, Cambridge.

YORKSHIRE DALES, 1 m. Aysgarth. Comfortable guest-house for energetic or restful holidays, full or partial board-residence. Garage. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

WORTHING. Channel View Hotel, Marine Parade. Full South. Noted cuisine. Every mod. conv. Write RESIDENT PROPRIETORS for illus. Tariff. Tele.: 1822.

NEW FOREST. Comfortable Guest House adjoining private woodlands. Hard tennis court. Riding, river-bathing. Garage. MRS. RUSSELL LEONARD, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

DARTMOUTH, DEVON. Warfleet Creek Hotel. French management, real French cooking. Beautiful situation, near sea. Lovely garden. Up to date. Comfortable. Moderate terms. Tel.: 144.

LITTLE PICKET, Linkside, Hindhead. Small guest-house. Charming and very comfortable. Moderate terms. Telephone 262.

LOCH LOMONDSIDE. Black Bull Hotel, Killearn. Comfortable, running water all rooms, electric light, central heating, moderate terms. Booklet from SECRETARY.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, Ireland. London 10 hrs. Dublin 16 m. Charming cottage; unique situation, open moors, large gardens, own fruit and vegetables, excellent cooking. Terms: YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow.

NORFOLK, Weybourne Hall. Private Hotel situated in own grounds. Sea view. Tennis. Putting, etc. Separate tables. Terms, apply K. THORNTON.

SANTA CRUZ DE LA PALMA, Canary Islands, GRAND HOTEL FLORIDA, facing sea in its own tropical gardens. Beautiful mountain and seaside resort on the most attractive of Atlantic islands. Tennis, swimming-pool, all m.c. Lowest winter temp. F.57, highest summer F.77. Pension from Pts. 12.50. London–Teneriffe return, £18.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, CAP MARTIN, facing full south in own grounds direct on sea. 'Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension, 7s. 6d. Special terms by arrangement.

NEUSTIFT, last village in Stubaital, Tirol; Innsbruck 30 km.; fine walking; starting-point for famous climbing-huts; low season pension 9 sch. inclusive; high 9–12. Baedeker stars this House. AUMAYR, Hotel Hofer.

SWISS HOLIDAYS are not expensive if you know how and where to go. Family tickets through France and Swiss tourist tickets fully compensate Exchange difference. HOTEL CARRON, Fionnay, Vallée de Bagnes, reached by Poste-auto from Sembrancher Station, charges only 7 francs full pension. Altitude 4,900 feet. Unrivalled centre walking, climbing, alpine flowers.

MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol; 2,100 ft. up, 10 m. Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. Terms: Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s.–8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

SAVOY MOUNTAINS, Lakeside Village near Annecy. Small party June 11th to 28th; walking, climbing, bathing. Simple hotel, excellent cooking. £15 - 5s. inclusive. Box 167, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

RUSSIA. Why not see Soviet Russia for yourself this year? F.S.U. arranges organised tours and individual bookings. Next tour leaves May 30th. 10 days cruising, 12 days in U.S.S.R. £22 inclusive. Apply F.S.U., 28 John St., W.C.1.

VISIT FINLAND. Inclusive Tours from £10. Illustrated booklet with full details of routes, fares, hotels, pensions, tours, fishing, etc. FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

26 HOURS SUNWARDS.—Casa Johnstone, Tossa de Mar (Gerona), Spain. Illustrated folder.

BOARD RESIDENCE

PEACEFUL, COMFORTABLE, GET-AT-ABLE. 6s. 6d. Room, bath, breakfast. 26 Norfolk Square. (Pad. 9461.)

QUIET KENSINGTON. A real home. 1 min. Tube and bus. Lge rms., comfortable divans, well fnsd. 30s. single. 42s. sharing. Fulham 5349.

CHELSEA. 36 Oakley St., S.W.3. Comfortable Divan Bed-Sitting Rooms, from 27s. 6d. per week (including breakfast) or 8s. per night. Dinner optional. Inclusive terms by arrangement. Tel.: Flax 0276.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOUTH HOUSE (residential and non-residential), 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. International Youth Centre, community life, camping, discussions.

AUTO-TOXINS! Acidity, Dyspepsia, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, COLITIS, and all stomach complaints. Enquire re PROFESSOR MATCHNIKOFF'S FOOD, New Research Company, 9 Normandy, Guildford.

DO you remember that delightful SMOKERS' TOOTH POWDER you used when you were at Oxford? Why not use it again? 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. 9s., post free. DRUCE AND CO., Oxford.

CHINA TEA for health's sake! Drink Davison Newman and Co.'s Old-fashioned China Tea. Fine flavour, delicious, satisfying. Nothing to harm the most delicate constitution. 3s. 6d. per lb. (post 6d.); 5 lb. carriage paid. Write for Free Sample and full particulars to 14 Creechurch Lane, London, E.C.3.

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
becomes more popular every day.
It is packed in tins, two sizes,
and is sent by inland post for
3s. and 5s. 6d.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97s. 6d.; Jacket, 57s. 6d. S. REDMAYNE & SONS LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., post free.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "Freedom in Religious Belief." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

DICTIONARIES; all languages. LEOPOLD HILL, the Dictionary specialist, 98 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE FLIGHT FROM THE FRANC—DEVALUATION AND THE GOLD SHARE MARKET—SELECTION TRUST

IN Lombard Street the devaluation of the franc is hourly expected. The private banks in London continue to receive packets of hoarded notes (both French and British) from Frenchmen fearful of the confiscatory intentions of a new Socialist Government. The amount of gold which has left France in the first two days of this week is estimated at £20 millions. In the five weeks to May 1st the loss has amounted to £47½ millions. Of course, the gold losses are in part a reflection of the operations of the British Exchange Equalisation Fund. When the "control" buys francs to support the franc exchange rate it earmarks gold at the Bank of France. But more serious than gold losses is the frenzied withdrawal (for hoarding) of depositors' money from the trading banks. As the old Government in France will not have the courage to devalue it will probably impose exchange restrictions or an embargo on the export of gold and pretend that it has not gone off the gold standard. Of course, the exchange restrictions and a gold embargo are the beginning of the end. But the technique of suspending the gold standard is of great importance to the investor. We know that there is a great deal of fugitive capital from France, Switzerland and Holland taking refuge in Great Britain and America. Probably there are over £200 millions of foreign gold in the vaults of British banks and in safe deposits in London. We know from the United States Department of Commerce that the net inflow into America last year of long-term and short-term capital from abroad exceeded $1,500,000,000. If this refugee money tried to go home at one and the same time the slump in the security markets of London and New York would be serious. But it is not likely to do so. If the French Government imposes exchange restrictions, as the Polish Government has done, the state of uncertainty is worse than before. Few Frenchmen will repatriate their capital while there is any doubt as to the extent of the final devaluation of the franc. Even if the French were to devalue immediately, and the Swiss were to follow suit, there would still be great uncertainty about the future of the guilder. The Dutch will probably wait to see how a devalued franc affects the prices of their colonial produce.

* * *

The effect of a franc devaluation on gold and the gold share market is puzzling a number of investors. Devaluation of the franc in itself does not affect the sterling price of gold—only the franc exchange rate. While, however, the flight of capital from France goes on, sterling is strong in terms of francs and the sterling price of gold falls. Yet gold shares rise—and have been rising—because part of the fugitive money goes into the Kaffir market. (The recent rise in West Witwatersrand and in "Sallies" must not be attributed to French buying but to favourable mine developments, which is another story). When devaluation comes, and the fugitive French money goes home, sterling becomes weak in terms of the new franc and the sterling price of gold will rise: yet gold shares may fall temporarily on French liquidation and profit-taking. How the Kaffir market will settle down depends upon the ultimate price of gold, which in turn depends upon the dollar. Weakness in sterling encourages the inflationists in Congress to demand a further devaluation of the dollar to 50 cents. gold.

* * *

A correspondent has enquired about Selection Trust, to which I made a somewhat cryptic reference two weeks ago. It is a complicated story. This company has a share capital of £2,000,000 in 10*s.* shares. It holds a large block of the common stock of the American Metal Company, which in turn holds 36 per cent. of the capital of the Roan Antelope Copper Mines and 55 per cent. of the capital of the Rhodesian Selection Trust, which in turn holds 64 per cent. of the capital of Mufulira Copper Mines. Selection Trust is also heavily interested in Consolidated African Selection Trust, which mines industrial diamonds in West Africa, and in Trepca and other lead-zinc mines in Jugo-Slavia. Selection Trust is therefore an alloy of copper, lead, zinc and silver, generously studded with industrial diamonds. It has just issued its annual report and paid a dividend of 5 per cent. At 18*s.* 6*d.* the shares yield only £2 14*s.* per cent. The yield is not particularly important, since many of the company's shareholdings are not at present paying dividends. I sent a copy of the report to my statistical assistant with instructions to work out the figures of earnings and break-up value.

Statistical Assistant: This is not a fair task, since precise details of the company's interests are not known. I estimate the break-up value of Selection Trust shares to be about 25*s.* My calculation is as follows:

300,000 (about) American Metal Co., at 29	£1,750,000
400,000 (about) Consolidated African Selection Trust at 4½	1,800,000
1,000,000 (about) Trepca Mines at 16*s.* 6*d.*	825,000
Other quoted and unquoted investments ..	875,000
Government securities, cash, etc.	349,000
	5,599,000
Less creditors, debentures, etc.	582,000
	5,017,000
	= 25*s.* per share.

Thus approximately 36 per cent. is in diamonds, 16 per cent. in lead and zinc and the balance mainly in copper.

Toreador: Your "break-up" is probably conservative. If Selection Trust were purely a holding company I would expect the shares to stand in the market at well below their break-up value. But Selection Trust also makes dealing profits. Kopaonik 5*s.* shares were introduced to the market early this year and now stand at 8*s.* 3*d.* What have you to say about future earnings?

Statistical Assistant: Consolidated African Selection Trust should pay at least 3*s.* 6*d.* net for the current year against 3*s.* 3*d.* gross in 1934–35. This company is a steady dividend-payer, since its diamonds are principally for mining and industrial uses. American Metal Company earned in 1935 $801,527 against a loss in 1934. Preferred dividend arrears are rapidly being overtaken. In 1928–29 the company earned over $3 per common share. It is probable that American Metal's Rhodesian copper interests more than cover the market capitalisation of its common stock. The shares have fallen from a "high" of 35⅞ this year to the present price of 28. Trepca last year paid 1*s.* per share net, at which the yield is 8 per cent. The dividend for the current year may be increased. You see that it is impossible to estimate the future dividends of Selection Trust. I must really refuse to attempt it.

AN INVESTMENT AS SOLID AS BRICKS AND MORTAR

The essential qualities which every investor seeks are security of capital combined with a reasonable rate of interest. Investment in property completely fulfils these requirements. Our policy—SECURITY—FIRST AND FOREMOST—is ensured by the rigid scrutiny of all the property by two Chartered Surveyors—management by a practical Board of Directors and the limiting of investments to properties which are Residential and immediately revenue producing. We offer two classes of security:—REDEEMABLE DEBENTURE STOCK in multiples of £1 up to £10,000 provides a definite income of

5% FREE OF ALL TAX

ALSO ORDINARY SHARES OF £1

Post coupon immediately for application forms and booklet giving complete details

TO THE SECRETARY, ALLIED LONDON PROPERTY SOCIETY, LIMITED, 23, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.
Telephone No. CITY 7533.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... N.S.46

ALLIED LONDON PROPERTY SOCIETY LTD

Company Meeting

ODHAMS PRESS

The sixteenth annual general meeting of the company was held in London on May 5th, Mr. J. S. Elias, Chairman and Managing Director, presiding, said (in part) that the net profit for the year after deducting debenture and other interest, together with adequate provision for depreciation, amounted to £349,403. An issue of £150,000 debenture stock was made in March of last year for the purpose of rebuilding and modernising part of the company's premises. The Chairman then dealt with various items in the accounts and continuing said :—

A year ago the company secured the exclusive rights for the British Isles of a new printing process known as the Speedry Alco-Gravure method of colour printing. The directors decided to form a subsidiary company, with the result that Odhams (Watford), Ltd., was incorporated, and an issue of £450,000 of capital was successfully launched. Between 16 and 17 acres of freehold land had been acquired at Watford, and a new factory was being erected thereon which should be ready for production by the autumn.

During the year the company had acquired the whole of the share capital in English Newspapers, Ltd., which owned the copyrights of the periodicals " Film Weekly " and " Woman's Fair." The " Film Weekly " had been established for some years and was a very successful weekly periodical. The " Woman's Fair," they had reason to hope, would prove a successful addition to the company's assets.

Since the date of the accounts the company had also acquired, on favourable terms, the whole of the plant, equipment and goodwill of the old-established business known as The Avenue Press, of 55–57, Drury Lane. This acquisition would provide the company with much needed accommodation and additional printing facilities within almost a stone's throw of their main premises. They had also entered into an agreement to acquire, on favourable terms, the leases of 2-12, Endell Street, and Nos. 3 and 5, Castle Street, Long Acre.

The " Daily Herald," in spite of intensive competition, still maintained a net sale considerably in excess of 2,000,000 copies a day, a sale which had been maintained now for nearly three years. This newspaper also continued to gain favour with the great national advertisers, and its revenue from this source was substantially increasing. Both " The People " and " John Bull " had also maintained their circulation and influence, and their net sales exceeded 3,000,000 and 1,500,000 per issue respectively. The company's other publications and properties were well maintained, and its general business was satisfactory.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

The annual general meeting of the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office was held on Wednesday in London.

Mr. HAROLD J. MORLAND, M.A., J.P., F.C.A. (the chairman), said (in part): The new life assurances amounted to £2,436,000, a figure only slightly in excess of the total for 1934, but comparing with £2,095,000 for the first year—1930—of the previous quinquennium. It is gratifying to find on analysing the new business a persistence in the large proportion which life assurances, mainly whole of life, bear to the total—namely, 60 per cent.—as compared with 40 per cent. endowments and endowment assurances. The life premium income advanced by £88,000, of which £18,000 was in annual premiums, and the other £70,000 represented a larger volume of single premiums.

The interest rate yielded by the funds was at the satisfactory rate of £4 4s. 6d. per cent. after deduction of tax. In 1934 the downward trend of premiums in the fire and accident accounts was checked; in 1935 there was a welcome advancement in most sections.

After providing for all outgoings, including £10,000 for income tax, the net profits, including interest, for 1935, amounted to £82,000; £10,000 has been added to the additional reserve in the fire account, making it up to £100,000; a dividend of 15 per cent. on the paid-up capital, costing £46,500, has been paid, and £123,000 will be carried forward, an increase of £25,000.

During 1935 the aggregate funds once more showed a substantial advance of about £2,000,000, and now exceed £15,500,000, of which £11,500,000 relates to the Friends' Provident.

In the Friends' Provident we provide by means of life assurance for the certainty of the ultimate termination of life, and the contingency that death may occur early, before normal savings can accumulate to a satisfactory sum. The large funds of British life offices are impressive, and the average person often appears to hold the opinion that people are generally adequately assured. Unfortunately this is far from being the case. I suggest that it is very important to make a rule of a periodical review of the personal balance-sheet. Under the law of all civilized countries businesses carried on under company law must have annual accounts and balance-sheets. Similarly, nowadays the owners of personal businesses usually think it desirable to have annual accounts, to have them audited, and to give careful thought to the outcome. Would it not be equally wise for everyone having responsibilities for the well-being of others, particularly the heads of families, to consider systematically once a year the probable position of his wife and children and other dependents in the event of his decease, and his own position should he survive to old age?

The report was unanimously adopted.

INDUSTRIAL PROFITS RISE BY 15·9%

"*The Economist*," in a recent issue, drew attention to the increase in total net profits (after payment of debenture interests) as shown by the reports of 2,116 industrial companies which appeared during 1935. The actual increase is £28.0 millions over the previous year and is equivalent to an increase of 15.9 per cent.

An investor purchasing sub-units in the Four Portfolios of the British Industries Fixed Trusts is offered the unique advantage of spreading his investment over one hundred companies, and receiving dividends at regular intervals of approximately six weeks each throughout the year.

The hundred companies have been chosen by experts after careful consideration of their past record, their present financial position, and the possibilities of future developments and earning capacity. Since the First Portfolio was introduced in March 1934 the market price of the securities included therein has risen by 26 per cent.

The gross annual yield on an investment divided equally between the two Portfolios is approximately

4¼%

This yield is based on *the actual cash dividends paid* in the last completed years of the 100 Companies comprising the four Portfolios. In the same financial periods distributable share bonuses and rights to new issues on bonus terms added a further ¾ per cent. to the gross annual yield.

Sub-units may be bought or sold through any stockbroker or bank. Approximately £20 upwards may be invested in any one Portfolio.

British Industries Fixed Trusts

TRUSTEES :
MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE CO. LTD.

● A FREE BOOKLET. Further information will be found in handbook No.2, which will be sent free on application to the Managers. This booklet contains full particulars of the Constitution and Management of the Trusts and the details of the one hundred securities contained in the Four Portfolios.

MANAGERS :
ALLIED INVESTORS FIXED TRUSTS, LTD.
165 MOORGATE, LONDON, E.C.2. *NATional* 4931
Members of Association of Fixed & Flexible Trust Managers.